

CONTENTS.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1942.

POETRY—

PAGE

THE MONKS COME TO IONA.	By ROIBEÁRD	
Ó FARACHÁIN		I
THREE POEMS.	By WILLIAM JEFFREY	3
THE DARK WOOD.	By Y. L.	7
THREE POEMS.	By BRENDA CHAMBERLAIN	11
THE NOCTUARY OF TERROR.	By MAURICE JAMES	
CRAIG		13
EPITAPH ON A PET CAT (After J. du Bellay).	By R. N.	
CURREY		15
THE BLUE MONK AND OTHER MEMORIES.	By AUSTIN	
CLARKE		21
UNHEARD MUSIC. IN MEMORY OF THOMAS GOODWIN		
KELLER. By H. F. NORMAN		26
THE HOTEL.	By BRINSLEY MACNAMARA	31
BOOK REVIEWS		39

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THE MONKS COME TO IONA

By Roibeárd Ó Faracháin

Rounding the Ross of Mull through the tusks of the Torrens they saw, like the paws of a wolfhound, the shores of an island lying down low in the sea, still for their coming.

“Iona!” said Colm with a sigh, and said naught after; but all the twelve knew they’d stroke their oars no further.

In through the knuckle-bone rocks they skewered their currachs and came to a bay like a mountain-loch under cliff-heads, crying like a covey of birds when they saw the shingle shifting in the talons of the tide as it scuffled backwards, pebble over pebble clattering and jumping with the spindrift—millions of them glistening and raying colour and flaming. “These,” sang a man, like a harp, “dim the stones of Mac Ainmirë!”

Poising the oars on the gunwales, they rode the surges over the shallowing sea between stony cliffheads, clambered out on the shingle, and hauled the currachs out of the reach of the ocean’s huge claw-hammers that smote the stones up on the land and dragged them after clattering and springing and mingling with spume and water.

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So on the vigil of Pentecost went Colmcille
 leading the lines of his kinsmen over Iona,
 all tingling minds, all eyes, all curious senses.
 From Port-a-Wherry, where south-west winds blow always,
 by lonely Staonaig, to sandy, windraked Machair,
 over to the slope on the east, the sandals exploring.

Between the rock-hills of Mull and the peak of Iona
 came none of the gales that bawled across the Atlantic ;
 low on the slope of Dún Í was fertile cornland,
 high on the middle slope a close, sweet pasture
 awash with thymes and clovers and thick, stiff grasses
 that grasped the shelly soil from the first dim ages ;
 in the sockets of the rock-boned hills black peat lay thickly
 offering the kiln and the smithy their daily kindling.
 In the currents of the sound and in rock-pools seals slid lithely,
 porpoises lumbered and flounders flapped and tumbled,
 spangled mackerel scattered enamel lustres
 making the sea the mimic of the shingle gardens.
 Across from Dún Í the Lochán Mór offered water
 to turn millwheels, to grind corn, to make flour for the brethren.
 All that the hornet body could buzz-for was round about them,
 that which could hush it with catering, could hush it with breaking ;
 all that the soul needed was round about them,
 Man's Baptists, the elder brothers of his solemn world.

There were mountains, kingdoms of sea, skies holding planets
 as braziers hold small red embers before fires sparkle ;
 there was air, a ghostly ocean above the ocean,
 a sky underneath the sky, invisible between them,
 always everywhere keeping the world's wicks lighting—
 the lives of the children of God : man, beast and green thing.
 Man, beast, and green thing were round them ; and God who
 made them.

“ Here,” Colmcille said, “ here we have all but Ireland.”

Three Poems by William Jeffrey

CROCUS

THIS morning, walking
 in our delectable Scotland
 Where woods in hoods of dew
 and height of hills prevail,
 I find me by a spread of
 wind-in-willow meadow
 That has of late lain
 stark in cranreuch mail,
 But now is all one choric
 stage, where crocuses
 Their dwarfish towers of
 brilliant colour scale,
 Some red, some blue, some purple,
 others steeped in gold
 Brighter than cunning artificer
 poured into Tuscan mould.

I thrill when gazing
 at these virginal flames ;
 I do declare their beauty
 is a cup of heady wine—
 I take them now to be the star
 wrought jewels and flowers
 Dropped from the team of
 sweet-returning Proserpine,
 And as I look into the vernal
 breeze I see
 That goddess drink the flowery dew
 and with the light entwine,
 And when she speaks she has
 an accent singing and
 Lo ! of a wildness I
 do not understand.

That wildness stirs about
 the heart. I look again.
 I see dark furrows open
 round the purple flowers
 And head shoulder body from
 their silence move
 In silent march the dead of
 armed embattled Powers :
 Not soldiers all, but children
 also, cut from life
 In the accepting beauty
 of their April hours.
 I do aver the blood of such
 outpoured has run
 Into these purple salutations
 to the sun.

Ah crocus ! flower of the spear !
 through the wood approaching
 Tortured a figure comes
 riding upon an ass—
 On the bland translucencies
 of spring a shadow,
 A wanderer in whom the
 cobwebbed ages pass.
 Fragile I see him halt and
 lean and, plucking forth
 A bloom of purple from this
 blazoned crocus mass,
 Enfold its martial blades and
 thrust till they abide
 Within the wound that bleeds
 upon his naked side.

THE QUESTION

THERE'S an auld man speerin' o' himsel,
 Speerin' the busteous wind and wave,
 The muircock craicklin' on the fell,
 The brock in his uplandis cave ;

Speerin' the stag that crouns the hicht,
 The moudie in the eard's dark wame,
 The laverock, sib to heavenly licht,
 The saumon in his siller flame—

Speerin' o' eard and air and sea,
 O' snaw-white sun and gouden mune :
 " O, whatna thing am I ? " quo' he,
 " O tell me ere this life be dune."

He cast his een frae hicht to haugh
 Till lift and eard clipt in his ken,
 He lent his ear to burn and shaw,
 To bird on aik and beast in den.

Nae answer came, nor beck nor nod.
 'Twas gin he werena heard or seen,
 Nae mair kenspeckle than a sod
 That derns aneath the flowery gean.

Quo' he, " O whatna thing am I ? "
 And nae thing lippeden till his word
 Save echo, who of her reply
 Knew nocht, be it for man or bird.

WILDERNESS

THE Voice of One crying in the wilderness,
 In a curtain of noonfall crying.
 And who heard, who heard
 The interminable word :
 Prepare ye the way of the Lord ?
 Was it rock, or sand,
 The province of dryness ;
 Or cactus the miser,
 Limb of inelegance ;
 Or bird or beast
 That heard
 That word ?

WILDERNESS—*continued.*

O master of camels,
 Bedouin dark-tented,
 And shepherd of Edom,
 Heard ye the cry?
 Our bones descended in vultures
 Protest and deny.
 We heard not the cry.

The Voice is of One that cries in the wilderness
 Of each generation,
 And who hears, who hears
 Through the blood and tears,
 As stuttering guns are fed,
 As towns are bombed and bled,
 As the maniac gorilla
 Captures the abject years?

Dip thy wings, O Love, and lie
 Lucid within the human eye,
 And in that lambent stillness find
 The wilderness within the mind,
 And from its mountains carved and clear
 And wrapt in blue remoteness hear
 An echo of that constant Voice.
 Prepare the way. Rejoice, rejoice.

THE DARK WOOD

By Y. L.

SCENE : *A little cell in a dark wood.*

THE SAINT (*laying aside his brushes*)

My hand tires.
 This gold of God's breath on each psalm
 Clogs my ears. If Job must be suckled
 With sweeter milk, or prophets
 Offered sharper deaths or blacker tongues
 I know not. The world falls quietly
 Like driven quails and the thoughts of it
 Taste of hoarded manna.
 Could I but lie with emptiness
 And be consumed by peace
 As a lark's body burns in flight,
 Unfold with the sap of stars
 My soul unto its death,
 Be no more a reed for the uprooted wind,
 For each sharp heron of the mind,
 It were enough. But my veins spread
 Like a spider's web for every piety.
 Under heaven the necks of hermits break,
 Their knees are great with dust, and their hands,
 Ah ! their hands are musked with greed
 To snare the Word and end Its song.

THE TRAVELLER (*standing by the door*)

Your wood is quiet,
 And the owls whisper as if they knew
 The prayers of holy men need silence
 To reach their heaven.

THE SAINT (*evenly*)

The wood is never quiet.
 Pain is a clumsy poacher,
 A lout where wings are glass
 And bones are green.
 As for my prayers,
 They peer and drown in a shallow stream,
 Nor are they plucked for heaven.

THE TRAVELLER

Why should you pray and cumber earth?
 The fledgling mouths of holy men
 Crave from the skies more than their due.
 They only gape and stretch their wings
 When God has stroked their cocking feathers,
 And built their nests in heaven's high tree.
 Or so they dream, till they are dead
 And only a little fall of dust
 For other fowl to loiter in.

THE SAINT

Have you not heard? No dust can salt their tails,
 Nor earth cage, nor can time blind them.
 The tree they hop on has fruit of gold,
 Their songs are tuned to flaming harps,
 And their feet are warm in angels' hair.

THE TRAVELLER

And so for ever?

THE SAINT

No. For God is watchful.
 They will be thin on heavy fruit,
 Cry sorrowfully for water music,
 And seek rough bark of winter trees.

THE TRAVELLER

Enough of them. They fight God's darkness
With weedy tapers. And I prefer the darkness.

THE SAINT

It sometimes seems the night
Is fearful dazzlement,
And sun and stars are hooded lamps.

THE TRAVELLER

Perhaps. But still we always sink
From night or day and die,
A mute reproach to God.
But while I live, I pluck ripe apples,

Hear songs from beating drowsy throats,
And warm my limbs with other limbs.

THE SAINT

All men go the same road.
Yet when their mouths are full,
To the music of earth or heaven,
And lapped as babes in tenderness,
A bitter thought uncurls.
Great is the space of heaven and great the space of earth.
They shiver on the little branches of their flesh,
And they know great weariness.

THE TRAVELLER (*unheeding and looking out of the narrow door*)

There is a little boat on the lake,
And a voice from it
Sings of the arms of night,
Of rushes pressed in double measure
And a wine sharp as the arrow.

THE SAINT

You hear the wind, Stranger,
And your ears are pointed to the grief
Of your single body.

THE TRAVELLER

Listen then, and hear the marsh bird
Pluck sorrow from the lake's mouth,
And reeds start from the silence
Of an empty boat. Something comes.
I see insects still as silver priests,
And a red flame that turns the moon.
There is no pain so strong as the hurt of my throat,
No treachery like my falling knees.
Old man, you have cursed me!
Turn from me that I may be myself.
*(The saint puts out the lamp and there is the sound of a door roughly
latched. In the silence, the darkness is deeper, but the saint's
voice is bright and sweet as dropping fuschia.)*

THE SAINT *(as if to another)*

Fear nothing.
His flesh is a dark moat he dare not cross.
He seeks thee in a broken boat
And his hands are empty as the heron's beak.
He has sought thee under the speckled trees,
On shining rivers and in the night.
He has drunk sharp wine to thee
And eaten husks and many feasts;
But I have been still as death
Till thy light has been my pyre.
I have no image of thee in gold or flesh,
And my ears are empty of thy voice.
I know thee not in beginning or the end.
(softly)
Fear nothing, but only take from me myself.

Three Poems by Brenda Chamberlain

SONG

BONE-AGED is my white horse ;
Blunted is the share ;
Broken the man who through sad land
Broods on the plough.

Bone-bright was my gelding once ;
Burnished was the blade ;
Beautiful the youth who in green Spring
Broke earth with song.

TO A SHEPHERD MOURNING HIS
MOUNTAIN-BROKEN DOG

TEARS that you spill, clown David, crouched by rock
Have changed to nightmare quartzite, chips of granite.
The valley chokes with grief-stones wept from eyes
New-taught that death-scythes flash in the riven block
To reap warm entrails for a raven-harvest.
Withdrawn in stone-shot gully of the barren ground,
You mourn, baffled by crevice and goat height
Proving tricky as dog-fox run to earth in the scree,
For one who lies in company of beetle-shard and sheep,
For him whose loose dropped brain and lungs hang coldly
Trembling from the flowered ledge down ice plant ways to silence.
The tears you shed are stone. So leave the dead to stand as
monument.
Be shepherd friend again, clown grinning under wet eyes,
Stopping your ears to sound the valley breeds :
A corpse-man's cry for succour, a dead dog's howl.

LAMENT

MY MAN IS A BONE RINGED WITH WEED

THUS it was on my bridal-night :
 That the sea, risen to a green wall
 At our window ; quenching love's new delight ;
 Stood curved between me and the midnight call
 Of him who said I was so fair
 He could drown for joy in the salt of my hair.
 We sail, he said,
 Like the placid dead
 Who have long forgotten the marriage-bed.

On my bridal night
 Brine stung the window.
 Alas, in every night since then
 These eyes have rained
 For him who made my heart sing
 At the lifting of the latch ;
 For him who will not come again
 Weary from the sea.

*THE WAVE TORE HIS BRIGHT FLESH IN HER GREED :
 MY MAN IS A BONE RINGED WITH WEED.*

THE NOCTUARY OF TERROR

By Maurice James Craig

" . . . for minutes are hours in the *noctuary*
of terror,—terror has no *diary* . . ."

—Charles Robert Maturin

THERE lie no catacombs below the streets
Of this most desolate, most tortured city.
Only the sewers, gas- and water-mains
Slink underneath the pavements and the houses,
And sometimes when the sun beats on the surface
And natural laws are all in apt conjunction .
Some tumour splits the tarmac or cracks the flagstones
And we pass by upon the farther side.
Some time, some place, disaster is building up
A mound beneath our feet, to rise some night
Tumescant and convulsed like a sick stomach,
Upset our stance and throw us off our balance
And bruise our palms and fill the wounds with dust ;
Or, if more merciful, she has been laying
A mine whose flash may leave our eyes no light.
Till then, walking at night secure on level
Roads, from one pool of light into the next
No-one is altogether at peace, nor knows
What enemy to fight and clear the skull
Of worms that wrinkle round it under the bone.

* * *

In the last agonies of her last disease
Our city unflexed her limbs, became rigescent
And jerked them straight to lie the way they lie.
Now for a hundred years and more we have
Taken the shovel to damp down the fire
With its own ashes, that it last the longer
Until its pin-point glow in the cold grate
Becomes the eye of an old woman, dying
In an enormous bed, between cold sheets.
But all things do not cool at equal speed ;

The grid of civilisation has left pockets
 Between the bars, and once in one of these
 A clergyman of the established church
 Danced at full noon behind the blinds drawn down
 Where now at night the young, no thought of him
 Troubling their heads, dance upon higher floors
 In squarer frontages, letting the light
 Stream out of theirs' into their neighbours' windows.
 And all the time the spark left in the grate
 Dwindles along the length of a straight street,
 The coruscating antenna of a tram
 Leaving late walkers holding both their ears
 Transfixed and corkscrew-pierced by the steel-blue shriek
 And square-sets grinding with their teeth on edge.

* * *

The lop-eared gables of the Limerick houses
 Remotely set aslant behind high walls
 Frown with malignant foreheads at the street.
 The tide is out in Galway, and in Belfast
 The mountains ride in pity at the end
 Of each grand canyon : in the far south
 Cork lies asleep in the hollow of an arm.
 We stand upon a radial eminence,
 No arch of triumph sheltering our heads :
 What edifice would we prefer to rise
 And close the vistas of our apprehension ?
 Armies advance up all the avenues,
 Their scouts are skulking under all the trees.
 From where we stand is no escape, unless
 We seek the tangled mediaeval quarters
 And camp out in the ruins of our past.
 This time of year the nights are short, the light
 May search us out, expose us where we lie
 And lead us captive to the pitiless sun.

Or shall we go to meet them, bringing leaflets
 Printed at night down in our private cellar
 And hope that they will read them courteously
 Although the print is bad, the paper worse
 And few recall the language? May we not
 Hope that the night will last at least as long
 As gives the invaders leisure to discover
 That they are not as compact as they think,
 That we have relatives among them, even
 Children who when the light is up may come
 Over to where we sit and take to us?

EPITAPH ON A PET CAT

(After J. du Bellay)

By R. N. Currey

My life seems dull and flat,
 And, as you'll wonder what,
 Magny, has made this so,
 I want you first to know
 It's not for rings or purse
 But something so much worse :
 Three days ago I lost
 All that I value most,
 My treasure, my delight ;
 I cannot speak, or write,
 Or even think of what
 Belaud, my small grey cat
 Meant to me, tiny creature,
 Masterpiece of nature
 In the whole world of cats—
 And certain death to rats!—
 Whose beauty was worthy
 Of immortality.

Belaud, first let me say,
 Was not entirely grey
 Like cats bred here at home,
 But more like those in Rome,
 His fur being silver-grey
 And fine and smooth as satin,
 While, lying back, he'd display
 A white expanse of ermine.

Small muzzle, tiny teeth ;
 Eyes of a tempered warmth,
 Whose pupils of dark-green
 Showed every colour seen
 In the bow which splendidly
 Arches the rainy sky.

Plump neck, short ears, height
 To his head proportionate ;
 Beneath his ebony nostrils
 His little leonine muzzle's
 Prim beauty, which appeared
 Fringed by the silvery beard
 Which gave such waggish grace
 To his young dandy's face.

His slender leg, small foot—
 No lambswool scarf could be
 More soft, except when he
 Unsheathed and scratched with it !
 His neat and downy throat,
 Long monkey's tail, and coat
 Diversely flecked and freckled,
 In natural motley speckled ;
 His flank and round stomach
 Under control, his back
 Longish—a Syrian
 If ever there was one !

This was Belaud, a gentle
 Animal, whose title
 To beauty was so sure
 He'd no competitor!
 A sad and bitter cross!
 Irreparable loss!
 It almost seems to me
 That Death, though he must be
 More ruthless than a bear,
 Would, if he'd known my rare
 Belaud have felt his heart
 Soften—and for my part
 I would not wince and shrink
 So from life's joys, I think.

But Death has never watched
 Him as he jumped, or scratched,
 Laughed at his nimble tricks,
 His many wild frolics,
 Admired the sprightly grace
 With which he'd turn, or race,
 Or, with one whirl of cat,
 Tumble, or seize a rat
 And play with it—and then
 Would make me laugh again
 By rubbing at his jaw
 With such a frisky paw
 In such a dashing manner!
 Or when the little monster
 Leapt quietly on my bed,
 Or when he took his bread
 Or meat most daintily
 Straight from my lips—for he
 Showed in such various ways
 His quaint engaging traits!

What fun to watch him dance,
 Scamper, and skate, and prance
 After a ball of thread;

To see his silly head
 Whirl like a spinning-wheel
 After his velvet tail;
 Or, when he made of it
 A girdle, and would sit
 Solemnly on the ground,
 Showing his fluffy round
 Of paunch, seeming to be
 Learned in theology,
 The spit of some well-known
 Doctor at the Sorbonne!
 And how, when he was teased,
 He used to fence with us—
 Yet if we stopped to fuss
 Was very soon appeased!

O Magny, now you see
 How he diverted me,
 You'll realise why I mourn—
 And surely no cat born
 Has ever had so nice
 A style with rats and mice!

He would come unawares
 Upon them in their lairs,
 And not one could escape
 Unless he'd thought to scrape
 A second hole—no rat
 Ever outran that cat!
 And let me add at once
 My Belaud was no dunce,
 But very teachable,
 Knowing how to eat at table—
 When offered food, that is:
 That eager paw you'd see
 Held out so flirtingly
 Might scratch you otherwise!

Belaud was well-behaved
 And in no way depraved ;
 His only ravages
 Were on an ancient cheese,
 A finch and a young linnet,
 Whose trillings seemed to get
 On Belaud's nerves—but then
 How perfect are we men ?

He wasn't the sort to be
 Out everlastingly
 After more food to eat,
 But was content to wait
 Until his meals, when he
 Ate without gluttony.

Also he was by nature
 A well-conducted creature ;
 For he would never spread
 His traces far and wide
 Like many cats, but tried
 To live as a well-bred
 Feline should live and be
 In all his ways cleanly . . .

He was my favourite plaything ;
 And not for ever purring
 A long and tunelessly
 Grumbling litany,
 But kept in his complainings
 To kitten-like miaowings.

My only memory
 Of him annoying me
 Is that, sometimes 'at night
 When rats began to gnaw
 And rustle in my straw
 Mattress, he'd waken me
 Seizing most dexterously
 Upon them in their flight.

Now that the cruel right hand
 Of death comes to demand
 My body-guard from me,
 My sweet security
 Gives way to hideous fears ;
 Rats come and gnaw my ears,
 And mice and rats at night
 Chew up the lines I write !

The gods have sympathy
 For poor humanity ;
 An animal's death foretells
 Some evil that befalls,
 For heaven can speak by these
 And other presages.
 The day fate cruelly
 Took my small dog from me—
 My Peloton—the sense
 Of evil influence
 Filled me with utter dread ;
 And then I lost my cat :
 What crueller storm than that
 Could break upon my head !

He was my very dear
 Companion everywhere,
 My room, my bed, my table,
 Even more companionable
 Than a little dog ; for he
 Was never one of those
 Monsters that hideously
 Fill night with their miaows ;
 And now he can't become,
 Poor little puss, a tom—
 Sad loss, by which his splendid
 Line is abruptly ended.

God grant to me, Belaud,
Command of speech to show.
Your gentle nature forth
In words of fitting worth,
Your qualities to state
In verse as delicate,
That you may live while cats
Wage mortal war on rats.

THE BLUE MONK

AND OTHER MEMORIES

By Austin Clarke

A LARGE book of sermons appeared every year during Holy Week on the parlour table at home, when I was a child.

It was heavily bound in leather, and had gold edges, and the pages were curiously cool and waxen to the touch. I approached that book always with great reverence, for whenever I ventured to open it, there emanated from it the faint, unmistakeable fragrance of frankincense. That remote sweetness was a constant surprise and delight to me. There were solemn illustrations within that book and as I turned the thicker processional pages, I watched bishops passing by in purple, and cardinals in their ample folds of flame.

The book was symbolical, for every night during that week my parents disappeared to some holy place on the south side of Dublin called Mount Argus. The sermons which rang out there above the heads of the congregation must have been passionate, for something of their excitement communicated itself to us even at home. We were increasingly aware all that week of world-shaking events, from the Great War in Heaven to the Descent into Limbo.

But it was the foreign name of Mount Argus which fascinated me as if the acrid sweetness hidden in that volume of sermons had drifted from its thuribles. I longed to go there, and at last, on a summer's

evening, we set out upon our pilgrimage. I was not disappointed. Scarcely had we left the tram and crossed to the kerb when we found ourselves within a gateway. There was a small footbridge, within the gateway, over a stream. The stream seemed to come from nowhere and disappeared under ground again, and along it were floating two swans. But this was not Mount Argus. We left the little bridge and hurried past small houses and gardens. Through another lofty gateway of wrought iron an empty hearse came and its silver rails were glittering behind glass. Then we saw another gate and there, to my astonishment, was the subterranean stream again and the two swans were once more calmly floating on it.

I can only remember vaguely the choir and the changing lights in the church at Mount Argus, because of a few moments of terror when I was lost in the grounds. It was all due to the strange tree. I had run to see those branches which were glowing with rich, multitudinous small fruit. I stood in awe beneath its shade for it seemed to me that I was under the Tree of Life itself, and certainly the night-green leaves were sticky as if with syrup and very sweet smelling. Gradually I became aware that I was not alone: someone else was standing there, very still, within the shadow of the tree. The stranger was clad in long robes and was bearded. His silent brooding presence filled me with a chilly sense of evil. I knew only too well that the Adversary is accustomed to appear to us in the shape we least expect; and so in my dread I mistook a Passionist for the Devil himself. I could not stir from the spot. I could not even call out. Slowly the figure turned and smiled at me in a strange way. That was enough. With a gulp of terror, I fled from the spot. That experience must have taken only a few seconds, for when I reached my mother, the crowd was still outside the church and she had not even missed me.

As we explore our own small past imaginatively, we find the fears and joys of childhood have taken on new meanings for us. All have become legend and symbols are waiting for us. Had I been many-eyed, I could not have seen more at Mount Argus or forgotten so quickly. Yet years later, when in a succession of delirious dreams, I hurried for months along grim corridors, up and down dark treacherous stairways, in and out of the wards and closets of great institutions, I was always trying to remember

something that I had forgotten. As I rushed, in dreams, through those charitable institutions, full of miserable and thwarted souls, all of us in frenzy trying to escape, yet imprisoned as if within the horrible architectural fantasies of Piranesi—in which ingenuity is bolted and barred by itself—there came at last that distant consolation :

Flight beyond flight, new stories flashed
Or darkened with affliction
Until the sweet choir of Mount Argus
Was heard at every window,
Was seen in every wing

Ibsen, in one of his lyrics, gives us a definition of poetry which seems appropriate to our needs, more so than many of those well-known definitions which we borrow from English critics to our confusion.

Poetry—'tis a Court
Of Judgment on the soul.

Certainly, the influences which shape our imagination are as subtle as they are unexpected. I can remember that startling occasion when, a few doors down the street, I heard a terrible cry of doom. Surrounded by a small agitated crowd, the local publican was declaring in a stricken voice that he was John the Baptist. Had he appeared clad only in rough skins, we could not have been more shocked by this breach of the religious decencies. The abrupt transition from the half-naked sunny saint in the stained-glass window, which I knew so well, to this drab figure was almost too great for thought. But the terrible sincerity of the publican, the agony in his face and tone almost convinced me. I knew that prophets appeared suddenly and were always disbelieved at first. I felt that he might really be the Precursor. He went crying out from our midst, calling down fire and heavenly vengeance, and long after, I could hear that awful voice making its way along Paradise Lane. That laneway was at the back of our street and had perhaps once been called that name in derision by its long-suffering inhabitants. But the irony had gone and the name might have been transcribed from what Thomas Kettle calls "the secret scripture of the poor." Next day our evangelist

disappeared into one of those big institutions where so many of our religious enthusiasts find their way.

More puzzling in its spiritual implications and therefore more memorable to me was the sudden appearance of the Blue Monk in our neighbourhood. For one marvellous week he appeared daily in our streets, followed by an excited but reverential crowd. Women wept, prayed, murmured in joy as they stooped to touch the hem of his garment, and sometimes they cried out that they were cured of their ailments and aches. His face was pale, delicate and beautiful, and I can still remember the crisp curls around his small head. The inexpressible sweetness of his expression as he suffered all this interfering reverence melted my heart. Nor had I ever seen so lovely a robe as the rich blue one that he wore. All that week I searched the streets to see him passing by or to join the small wondering crowd. I was well acquainted, of course, with the miracles of the saints. But those miracles were far off in time and mostly took place on the Continent. Indeed the great ages of miracle-working had sadly declined into the tiny favours for which we clamoured daily to the canonised. If a pincushion or a purse were mislaid, St. Anthony found it for us and it appeared mysteriously under the hand. The great centuries of thaumaturgy had been domesticated for us. But now the street outside was new again with wonder. We might be running down the hilly steps of Sienna, following St. Francis de Sales around the narrow street corners of Dijon, or crossing a piazza of Padua. But it was not long until whisperings and rumour filled our neighbourhood. Some said boldly that the Blue Monk was an impostor and came from Liverpool. The very name of that city had a dismal ring, for we knew that the churches had to be barred and bolted there during the week-days in order to protect the chalices and metal cups from sectaries. But what saint could flourish if there were no persecution, ill-will and envy? On Sunday, however, denunciations rang from our pulpit at late Mass, and on Monday morning the Blue Monk had vanished. I was bewildered and lonely as I roamed through the drab streets, and remained unconsoled by the fervours of Luisa de Carvajal, the Blessed Juliana of Mont-Cornillon and other distant saints. I am still a little confused when I realise that I owe my first glimpse into the age of miracles to a mad publican and a good-looking impostor in a blue robe. Must we explain by desire

those centuries when saints could divert a river from its very bed, cause rocks to float, and saw chapels being transported through the air by angels? Was the human mind in some preparatory trance dreaming of the wonders to come, those scientific wonders which have proved so unpleasant in use?

Our preoccupation with the next world is certainly fit subject for our poetry. But we still need complex forms which will reflect the intellectual excitement of the ages and our own earliest intimations. Certainly, as a child, I knew a great deal more about the next world than this one: The Adversary was so often at my elbow that, in fits of bad temper and self-will, I could feel reflected on my face the overwhelming heats of his presence. Chief among these physical contacts with the spiritual world was one which may have been unorthodox but was strangely moving. A tiny ringing in the ear meant that a poor soul in Purgatory was crying to us for aid. Coming from a vast distance, that minute sound had lost all its terrifying agony, yet kept its urgency. Who could not fail to be flattered by that auricular appeal and moved by the pathos of its anonymity? All those desperate self-attentions in the struggle for salvation, that last minute rush of the Irish consciousness, and then that sad, ultimate namelessness. Even the names read out at Mass so quickly lessened into the Month's Mind, and then disappeared altogether into a general Commemoration.

Pity the souls long suffering
 In Purgatory, try to name
 The living ones in crowded street:
 What light can any stranger borrow
 From them? O soon, too soon, we fade
 In memory when our small savings
 Are gone and every Mass is said.
 And now in city churches, few
 Pay little visits for our sake
 At dusk. The candlebox is filled
 With other pence and, in the morning,
 Black alb is worn for eyelids that carry
 In quiet tears the newly dead.

UNHEARD MUSIC

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS GOODWIN KELLER

By H. F. Norman

WAS it in the winter of 1890-91 that I first heard Tom Keller's voice, a voice gentle, vague yet assured, but never self-assured, and with a quality of mystery on which the adjective "profound" leans too heavily and for which "deep" is too exterior? A like quality suffused his mind and this was borne to me at that first meeting. We were speaking at a literary society and I now remember neither the subject discussed nor anything said. Memory has salvaged only one sentence of his, quoted from Tennyson: "I am Merlin, who follow the gleam," and the further fact that this man, to whom I was instantly and instinctively drawn, seemed to embody this idea of an evanishing light, the Merlin of magic and divination, of whom my encyclopædia tells me "Geoffrey of Monmouth was the first, in his *Vita Merlini*, to throw a light on his shadowy existence." I cannot hope to justify the relevance of those last two words for those who did not know Keller nor perhaps to all of those for whom he was, as for me also, just the plain, four square, ingenuous-hearted, truth-seeking, truth-speaking man on whose essential innocence and integrity the affection of his friends mainly centred; but on whose concealed deeps, imaginative, emotional, intellectual, his sparse and but half-revealing writings were rather the commentary than the text. For the text was himself: an *ipsissima verba* of being. It seems strange that plain candour can camouflage and almost hide a man. Perhaps the light of his individuality was too strong for our vision, and so those who did not reach his secret through an emanation from his presence cannot be made intimate with it from his written words. But as he was a not infrequent contributor to the DUBLIN MAGAZINE I wish to share with its readers somewhat that we may discover in his writings; or perhaps beyond them.

But first a biographical fact or two. I think one clear clue to the occulted Thomas Keller dates from his boyhood and an act of renunciation natural to his generosity, if hinderful to his cultural life. His heart was set on music and his father, who had no surplus wealth, offered to give him the means of making

it his career. Tom refused. He felt it would tax his father unduly. If that serious sacrifice closed his natural vocation to him there may have been compensations: music became more to him than to many professionals; more, even than an aesthetic ideal. Henceforth it was invested with a glamour, the gleam of a desired, a receding reality. "Escape"? Yes, but *into* reality, so that he could affirm with *Abt Vogler*, "'Tis we musicians know," being spiritually of their company. For he wrote half a century later in this Magazine that "music is supremely the spirit behind phenomena," and again that it is "a power that existed even before the power that is the word." Of course, there is mysticism here and we may not too narrowly define this music in terms of text book terminologies, even if the beauty and power of Johann Sebastian Bach are guiding his pen. Music having ceased to symbolise the active Will became for him, as for Schopenhauer, the embodiment of the ultimate Idea. We may seek there for his secret.

By choosing to devote himself laboriously and conscientiously to business, then, he did not block all avenues of approach to that cultural life which was to be his perpetual solace, and he had many interests. Versatile is not a word one would readily apply to a temperament so stable, but as a journalist he was many sided. He aided Arthur Griffith's earliest propaganda in the *United Irishman* and later in *Sinn Féin*, though not on the political side. He wrote for John Eglinton's *Dana* and wrote musical criticism for more than one Dublin daily. Connected with the early work of the Fays, with the Irish National Theatre and the Theatre of Ireland, he acted in the first performance of *The King's Threshold* and I think in Æ's *Deirdre* and has written on Ibsen—again in this Magazine. And readers who care to push enquiry further will find distinctive interest in his allegory, *The Wizard*, in the DUBLIN MAGAZINE of July–September, 1928, in which I feel those intimations of a near yet never actual caprice, colouring a firm presentment of a deeply felt truth, which suggests a Chopin Nocturne.

But it is not in these facts that I search for his secret. I believe I had the honour of introducing him to Æ, then perhaps at the zenith of his mystical life midway in the last decade of last century, and it is in 1903 that Keller's name is projected with others into literary history by the dedication (as one of a group)

of the *Divine Vision* ; and next year he is himself one of the eight writers of verse from whom Æ selected his anthology of *New Songs*, which was perhaps the dawn of a Celtic twilight sometimes misinterpreted as its night fall. Others of these " new singers " are better known than Keller. The niche in the temple of poetry in which Padraig Colum is ensconced—to whom Keller and Seumas O'Sullivan introduced me on Padraig's twenty-first birthday, incidentally the day on which I decided to print his first published poem—is secure. Eva Gore Booth's *Little Waves of Breffni* glow on the walls of a thousand homes ; Susan Mitchell's *Living Chalice* is still sacramental in our memories. I must not stay to eulogise Alice Milligan who is still happily with us or Seumas O'Sullivan my present editor. But the question may be asked why were not Tom Keller's contributions to *New Songs* better known ? and I think there is a more occult reason than the fact that this poet sang seldom. It is true there are these songs and the *Songs of a Devotee* and the recent privately issued *Timely Utterance* and, save for occasional poems, that is all. Why was there not a richer orchestration of tone for one who,

In the garden of his dreams
Of a life that might have grown ·
Silently to interweave
With the spirit world alone,

thought well, at times, to tell that he had dreamed ? Was it because—and here he will perhaps be best understood by the music minded—that in spite of a real devotion to poetry he had esoteric reservations about it, which must have limited both his output and his inspiration ? " Oh hit or miss, how little 'tis—my lady is not there ! " There was an inner quality in him for which verbal utterance was not the inevitable outlet. Though he did not " die with all his music in him," he heard a music which might not be chanted. It is the way of the musician to despair of words ; what music has to say " was never said in song."

And, as music may be " abstract " or " programme "—the latter only by special licence—so perhaps the arts in general are absolute or interpretative ; genius being allotted sometimes to dreamer, sometimes to dramatist, seldom to both in one. In our time, most of those who came into their own at the gleaming

of the Celtic dawn were to evolve towards drama, like the later Yeats, Synge, O'Casey and a number of playwrights. But classification is misleading: I am not thinking only of writers of plays but of the dramatic sense endemic in the Irish mind—Jack Yeats in paint, Herbert Hughes in music. To these the play's the thing, though it be (to leave Ireland) the play of cosmic forces (Holst's *Planets*) or (to return) "all the fun o' the fair" (Hamilton Harty). Unless such artists die prematurely, "noisy fame is proud to win them," even if a delicate balance keep them (metaphorically) confined inside the spaces of chamber music, whence they avoid percussion—the dreamer's horror. For the dreamer is more esoterically musical even than these. Is it not for his similar quality that in poetry we honour the lyricist most, and in music the maker of great melody? This art-mind though it would reveal may not exploit itself. Tom Keller was of this order, a mind too little known, too incompletely expressed, to whom his friends are more indebted for certain magnetic silences which might "be felt" than for certain surprises of unexpected mellow utterance, whose memory is enshrined in an endearing mystery of a personality incapable of exhibitionism but whose emotion unveiled itself by the very force of its reserves and, perhaps, *because*, as in Arnold's study of Gray—"he never spoke out."

"The dreamer lives forever and the worker dies in a day"; was John Boyle O'Reilly right? Perhaps it depends on how much of his dream the dreamer tells. Tom Keller tells his dream best in explaining that it may not be told: not in words because music surpasses them; not in music because it is a silence to the outer ear and may not thus be uttered. "The sweetest music ever is unheard"; the most inspired poem is a scripture of the heart only. So at least I interpret him. It is Æ's mysticism in a different mood. It is classic mysticism indeed; but also it is the musician's spirit within the poetic mind. One could prove this out of a prose anthology of Keller's articles in this *MAGAZINE* alone: "Words are but dim candle lights." "Music is a power that existed even before the power that was the word." "It reminds us of an era prior to the primacy of matter." "The essence of the musician's art is to diffuse divinity, of the poet's to compress it." "The words of all true lyrics are made in the heavenly places, they are not words in the sense that we know

them on earth." "The greatest music is sacrificial and redemptive in a way that no other human art is. For it brings us directly to the core of spiritual life which is always silence to human ears." "The silence of music incorporates and assimilates the jarring incoherencies of physical noise and transmutes them into the ethereal web of nothingness that comprises everything." Finally "it stands poised on ephemeral inconsistencies. It is a wave about to break, a bird about to wing and its existence, pledged in a mere moment of physical halting—what is it but a quiver, a ripple, a little sobbing sigh in the passionless marble of eternity? . . . In the slowly moving vibrations of musical sound there is a way opened for the human soul to enter the central halls of being where opposites are forever united." It would be easy to complain that there is no neatly compacted philosophy here. It reminds us instantly of the arresting phrase, "Where there is nothing there is God." But Keller is not expounding philosophy; he is telling of his dream and, more explicitly, that, after all, his dream cannot be committed to oral or written speech. What then; "the rest is silence," do you say? May it not rather be that this silence is the incommunicable music of the spheres? Some hint of communication he will make now and then. His outward gaze is on

The frail and precious things that pass
That fade and die like summer grass;

but beyond this he sees the rhythms in which life patterns itself, that

The pomps and pageants of eternity
Loom through the withering ritual of the year.

Seeing himself as Æ saw himself—Æ for whom he had that ineffable but independent admiration which never degenerates into idolatry—as engaged (the words are Keller's own) on an "unending quest," I think that chance quotation about Merlin on that first meeting, after which I became his friend until death took him, was revelatory. His quest was "the gleam," the light which as it recedes within draws deeper towards itself that essential being of which music and poetry are, for the true psyche, rather garments in which it may robe itself than the leafage and flowering of the actual self. For, certainly, Tom Keller for many of his friends was found best within the magical aureoles of a silence

which veiled while revealing the so remote and so accessible mind and spirit we knew so well and yet knew to be beyond our knowing.

THE HOTEL

By Brinsley MacNamara

I

JUST before Owen went on the holiday from which he never returned they had noticed a strained kind of a look in his eyes. Yet there was nothing strange in that, maybe, for he had been a long time looking out through the glass door. "Y-e-a-r-s . . . J-u-s-t . . . Y-e-a-r-s!" The slow, Westmeath way that Miss Markey, the book-keeper, said this to Miss Heddigan, the new girl in the bar, seemed to stretch the words into a full sense of the "terrible long time" that Owen Dunleavy had been in the service of the Royal Uisneagh Hotel. And it held a suggestion, too, of his powerful concentration on everyone who passed on the street outside, or entered, or tried to enter the hotel. Though all that was only one side of him. His mind, while he was thus gazing out, would be upon everything that was going on behind him. "The very same," the two girls often felt, "as if he had eyes in the back of his head as well."

You could not stay a night in the place without having to tell him all he wanted to know about you, which, indeed, was everything. "But," as he put it to himself, "a person should know the class of party that would be after booking, in case anything bad might happen to him in Dublin while he was staying here at the Royal Uisneagh." You might be resting in the vestibule, and there he would be before you gazing out, when suddenly you would realise that he had "sized you up" completely . . .

"Excuse me, sir. That's all right now. I believe there are visitors arriving."

It would be a cab or car down from the Broadstone Station. The Royal Uisneagh had a most respectable name and was the

very first place that Westmeath people thought of when they had to come to Dublin. Owen had seen so many of them coming here. He had been in a position, as hall-porter, to follow the fortunes of families and to see the rise and fall of numbers. He had seen all the honeymoon couples that had come here after big weddings in Midland towns. He had wished a great deal of joy in his time. He had seen the sons of some of these marriages come here on "blinds" to spend the hard-earned money of their fathers, and he had advised them; aye, and sometimes thrown them out, too, when they looked like going too far with that sort of thing in the Royal Uisneagh!

He had seen the most unpromising specimens rise up to be princes of the live-stock trade, and marvelled, as he looked at them, at the amount of money there must be in cattle, sheep and pigs. What Thursdays he had seen, with all sorts and degrees of cattle-men coming steaming down from Prussia Street!

"The regular Prussians," he used to call these Thursday men. He would make heavy jokes like that and laugh at them himself. But the "regular Prussians" were no joke sometimes, when he would have to intervene in rows in the bar. He had been known to receive heavy blows, and, once or twice, a deep cut from an ash-plant along the skull.

"But all the same," he would say, "you'd have to forgive them; they'd remind you so much of at home."

It was not only what he had seen of Midland people here in the hotel; there were all the others as well whom he had seen passing down this way from the Broadstone. They had seemed a very part of him and his interest had pursued them. Often he had been deeply grieved to see good Westmeath people going to the bad in Dublin. Still, there was no use in being swept away altogether by compassion for things beyond one's mending. After all, his own job in the hotel was his whole career and he must mind it.

He had to carry the whole place on his shoulders; hadn't he? Especially now, when people might be beginning to say that the Royal Uisneagh was not what it used to be. It was beginning to get a bit old-fashioned, maybe, now that the nature of the younger cattle-men was showing signs of changing. They were going a good deal more to grander places down the city. But that staunch gang, the cattle-men of the older generation,

still clung to it. To them it was like a very spot of Westmeath soil itself. And he was determined to keep it like that, talking harder and harder every Thursday about the "old, familiar faces," saying how there never could be anything like them again anywhere in the world, and that he used to have his eyes glued to the street, so he used, to see them coming in.

"D'ye know what I'm going to tell you?" he would often say, "looking out the door there, I can often see myself once more, with the cattle all round me knee-deep in the fields of Dheel." The reply to that would be, "My sound man, Owen!" and the strong grasp of a warm, heavy hand.

That was Owen Dunleavy. He had held the place to his own standards of decency. You might as well be staying in any village in the Midlands as in the Royal Uisneagh Hotel.

II

He tried to hide it from himself, but, bit by bit, his memory of his native place was beginning to get misty. He would see Midland people looking at him as if he had forgotten things. "Imagine, now," he would say, "imagine me disremembering a thing like that!" Quick recollection had been so easy to him in his early years at the Royal Uisneagh. Flashes out of the life of Dheel and Garradrimna came back to him so clearly. But he was so busy in his job that he had not had time to let any of them stay very long. There was always something to be attended to, someone to be watched, someone coming in. Still, there had been moments, moments when the hotel would seem to fade from around him, and he would stand in a kind of trance and as if trying to listen to some voice that seemed to want to come to him from far away . . .

It was again the morning that the letter had come saying that, on the strong recommendation of Mr. Luke Lynam of Dheel, the management of the Royal Uisneagh Hotel had engaged him. The words danced before his eyes. At eighteen, imagine, a job in Dublin, in a grand, a Royal hotel! Within an hour he was on the road to catch the mid-day train at Aarboy. Behind him, as he hurried, were the low, lovely fields of Dheel. He was turning his back on all their green softness there in the June

morning. Little Kate Briody, with whom he had gone to school, was coming towards him.

"Musha, what's your hurry, Owen?"

He told her the great news.

"Ah, now," she said, "and I so used to talking to you since I was little that I suppose I thought I'd be talking to you always?"

"Talking? I'll have something to talk about, I can tell you when I come back from Dublin on my holidays."

"My father used to like to be talking to you too . . . He said you were so solid and sensible for a young fellow."

"My brother Peter 'll have the bit of land, so it's the position for me above in Dublin."

"But sure you'll forget all about us down here and get grand, maybe. Don't go, Owen; don't go!"

"Well, you see it's that way with me now. A fellow has to make his way in the world . . . 'Tis how you don't understand these things, Kate; you are so young, Kate you are so young."

And with that he was gone from her . . . And now, there were his own very words trying to break back to him . . .

"You are so young, Kate, you are so young . . ."

He would recover and feel more himself at some sudden thought of the remarkable figure he had cut in his own place in the early years of the century . . . Coming down from the chapel on a Sunday . . . His nice dark suit, his new hard hat, the gloves in his hand and the silver-mounted walking-stick . . . Everyone looking at him, everyone saying, "a steady fellow, never touches it all . . ." And not a single word out of him about anything only the hotel . . . It wasn't so easy to get them to listen sometimes.

"Boys, boys; here's 'the hotel' descending down on top of us; we'd better be going while we're safe!" But he would excuse a thing like that by saying to himself: "The ways of the country people are so different when you'd see them at home. It's only in a place like the Royal Uisneagh that you'd get a proper appreciation of this part of Ireland."

Up the road out of the village he used to marvel at what he had risen to, stopping from time to time to make sure that he was still himself, Owen Dunleavy, the lad from Dheel. Kate Briody would be about the door of her father's house. She would come out to the roadside. And the way she used to look up into his

face while he slashed his stick stylishly at weeds and things and told her about the hotel. Her father, Watty Briody, would appear sometimes and look as if he might be trying to fathom him. And he would try to get in words edgewise about Kate, saying over and over again how good a little girl Kate was.

At home his own father and mother would just sit there looking into the fire dumbfounded while he talked and talked. His brother, Peter, had married and already there was a houseful of little children. They would be crying for bed and falling asleep against their mother's lap.

"Twelve is the hour I'm used to myself at the hotel. I don't sleep very much either. I often waken up at all hours and come down to see what the night-porter might be at. You never could trust them fellows . . . smoking . . . drinking, too . . . the half pint of malt concealed in the breeches pocket. Oh, I can tell you it's an enormous responsibility running a whole big concern like the Royal Uisneagh!"

III

All that was a long time ago. His holidays in Westmeath were ended altogether. He used to spend them all in Dublin now, but without leaving the hotel. He would go out for a while every day and just walk around the city looking at the other hotels, putting two and two together; "They're doing well, begad!" or "That crowd'll collapse before any time!" And he used to be worried afterwards about the future of the Royal Uisneagh itself. The "old, familiar faces" were going, one by one. Luke Lynam, for instance, who had got him his grand start, was no more. And the two sons he had left after him, Larry and Bob; terrible!

"Isn't it pitiable," he would say to himself, "when you'd think of what old Luke was, the most permanent class of a man I ever knew. The half tall hat, the heavy umbrella, and the huge, big gold chain like a cow-tying across his front. Solid! The fortune he must have made out of cattle, and now it's going, going like water under the arches. Do you know, I think we'll have to keep them two bucks out of here altogether. It'd go hard on me, I know, to have to fire them out, but look at the way they're going on! Atrocious!"

Still, whenever he saw a honeymoon couple from the Midlands some stir of memory would come to him. He would have a kind of a thought of Kate Briody. It had surprised him to see Watty Briody one night in the hotel. He was talking about how they had got another bit of land . . . Kate would be one of the most comfortable matches now. Not too young, of course, any longer, but a good, sensible girl . . . And now that her father was dead, who would Kate Briody marry? The honeymoon would be spent here; that was one thing certain, anyway. She would see for herself then the sort of responsibility he had here, what he was thought of in the place, a man who could not be done without, a man who had never had time to think of marrying himself . . . At the marrying seasons the hope of this would hold him as an excitement. One of these fine days she would be sure to arrive with her man! He would see the wheels stopping! He would open the door of the cab and wish them a great deal of joy!

Yet often now, the glass door would be clouded of an evening, as with something getting dimmed and blotted . . . There would be a shout behind him. "Owen, look sharp, there, Owen!" Indeed that new manager, Mr. Price, was no bargain, with all this accusing him of forgetting things. Well, maybe he hadn't so quick a recollection for Midland faces on the whole, but about the hotel generally, sure he was just as good as ever yet, better in fact! But he did not know that Mr. Price had definitely sized him up.

"If I'm going to make anything out of the joint at all, some of this pure Midland stuff 'll have to go. He's a bit of a character about the place all right, but even that can be overdone. Look at the way he let in these two Lynam blackguards the other night after I warning him, never again! The two of them papering the city with dud cheques too. Selling out all before them. A chance of a nice little place for myself, though, what? Their old man used to be always gobbling up little places . . . Owen'll have to make a change or pull himself together. Still maybe the poor old devil only wants a proper kind of a holiday. Aye, in his native air? I could put it to him that way for a start. And he could kill the two birds with the one stone. I don't want to look too hot on the thing by going myself, but he could have a squint at the farm that Larry Lynam wants

to get rid of in such a hurry unknown to Bob, get me the correct slant on the whole thing. He can imagine it's all the interests of the hotel!

IV

It was thus that Owen Dunleavy went on the holiday from which he never returned. The street of Garradrinna was drowsing in the June day. It was a long time since he had seen it, and nobody seemed in a hurry to recognize him. Maybe it was because he was dressed younger. That was a nice sports coat he had on, and the flannel trousers, too. Not so respectable as the way he used to come here once. Still, it was the way all the best people dressed in summer now. But he had the kid gloves in his pocket and felt a bit like carrying them in his hand. Sticks had gone out altogether. He was sorry in a way he hadn't one, for it would be a stiff sort of a pull up to the fields of Dheel. He had left his things in Culligan's Hotel after dismissing the car that had brought him over from Aarboy.

What was this he had to do for the manager? Oh, yes, but he would have to get his bearings first, listen to a few people talking about the two Lynams. He wouldn't need to tie a string upon his finger to remember. All he had to do was to think of the hotel. "The Royal Cisneagh, the Royal Cisneagh," he began to mutter . . . John Lenehan, the blacksmith heard him and ran to the forge door marvelling: "I declare to the Lord, if he isn't at it still? Howandever, I wonder would he be going to retire out of the city at long last?"

Owen was staring straight before him as he went on towards the honeyed land of Dheel. He was moving all right, but now the June fields were bursting on his vision. Suddenly they seemed to blind the eyes that had been so long those of a scrutineer of faces, a summer-up of character and stability. It might be that their summer glory wanted to flow into him and wash away all thought of the anxious, devoted life he had given to the hotel. It might be that he was leaving something behind him with every step he took. The June day was flowing, as a very torrent, down the road. He made an effort to steady himself before it.

He stopped and, fumbling for his pocket book, took out his deposit receipts and began to look at them. There were figures, fairly large figures, but they didn't seem to mean . . . why,

they didn't seem to mean anything. That was very queer now . . . Something strange seemed to be happening to him. He had a sort of . . . a kind of a . . . feeling that he didn't know where he had come from, where he was going, who he was at all? Then it seemed as if nothing had happened to him for ever so long. There were the fields! He had just run past them going somewhere, but he had not gone anywhere . . . He was gazing at them now and wondering . . .?

Beyond the stillness he thought he heard a voice . . . speaking, as it were, out of some life behind him. But he couldn't hear properly . . . Still, it was like Miss Markey talking to Miss Heddigan, the new girl in the bar, but he couldn't make out a word she was saying, no, not a word:

"Oh, d'ye know what happened, Julia, about Owen, Owen Dunleavy. He's never coming back again. When he went down there he forgot he was ever here in the hotel, aye, forgot every single thing about it. Just imagine, after nothing else being in his head for y-e-a-r-s a-n-d y-e-a-r-s. Can you get over it, Julia, an oul' ibex like that losing his memory?"

No, he could not hear with all the sounds that were crowding round him out of the fields, a mowing machine, sheep bleating, a young calf calling. There were the rich smells of his native place. Everything was warm and young; everything was the very same . . . There now was someone standing waiting for him to come up the road.

"Owen," she was saying, "and did they give you holidays out of the hotel at long last?"

"I'm here . . . Kate . . . I was only in Garradrimna . . . But what's that you said about the . . . the . . . What place was that?"

"Come in," she said.

It was cool and nice in the little parlour. She put wine before him.

"D'ye know, Owen, I was dying this long time to hear all about it again?"

"Ah, I . . . I . . . just came up from Garradrimna . . . along the road."

There seemed to be a curious stoppage in his mind. It would not go on . . . His tongue began words, but he could not finish them. There was a vacant stare in his eyes.

She was asking him about some place he didn't know. Trying to collect himself, he gave little laughs and said, "Yes, yes," as she went on. She began to tell him about things in Dheel. Little by little he seemed to struggle into interest.

"Tell me more," he said, "tell me more! That's grand, so it is, grand!"

And she told him. There was an onrush in her talk, as if she wanted to fill something that had been empty for a long time. Words about times long gone were coming to him too:

"The pebbles we used to peg at the weeny fishes in the mill-race, Kate, the pigeon's eggs I used to get you out of the high nests in Gillan's wood . . ."

"Oh, yes, and everything, Owen. Why, the way I'm talking to you, like when we were going to school. But it's only because you were tired and couldn't tell me all about the hotel."

Suddenly, her eyes were warm and moist as she looked at him. Her hand sought his across the table.

"Poor Owen, but to-morrow, when you are rested, sure you can tell me."

"Not that, not that!" he said, almost as a cry beseeching her. "Not that, whatever it is . . . wherever that place was . . . There is nothing else but here. I was never anywhere but here . . . at home . . ."

She found it hard to withdraw her hand, but he was staring at her strangely and murmuring:

"Oh, it's because you are so young, Kate; it is because you are so young."

BOOK REVIEWS

SAINT PATRICK.

Professor T. F. O'Rahilly has added another volume to the library of publications about Saint Patrick, and his will probably breed several more. He has picked on the tradition that there was a Patrick Junior as well as a Patrick Senior, and he argues that Patrick Senior was Palladius and Patrick Junior the author of the Confession and Letter to Coroticus. (Not the Dicta? The Dicta would not fit Professor O'Rahilly's theory very well, but Latinists hold that they were

the work of the author of the Confession.) He says that Patrick Senior conducted his mission from 431 until 461, and Patrick Junior from 461 until 492, or thereabouts, that Patrick Senior was a Gaul, sent from Rome and bringing Roman usages, and Patrick Junior was a Briton, bringing British usages. Patrick Senior, he says, found Christians already settled in the south in 431, and extended christendom over much of Leinster and Connacht, and Patrick Junior worked over the rest of Connacht and in Ulster. Statements contrary to these beliefs, in the documents of Tirechan, Muirchu, Fiacc and others are obvious fabrications, and are due to the propagandist activities of Armagh. Armagh was founded, not, as the Ulster Annals state, in 444, but about thirty years later, with Patrick Junior as bishop. The Annals are otherwise reliable. On the other hand, to traduce the rhetoric of Prosper of Aquitaine seems to Professor O'Rahilly to be shocking. Local traditions about the Wood of Foclut in Mayo and about Patrick's connection with Glastonbury are evidence, but the Slemish traditions are not, and there is no mention made of the traditions of Portpatrick, which serve nobody's purpose. This is a very bald outline of Professor O'Rahilly's ideas, and, taken by itself, an unfair one. He says he regrets publishing his theories in the short form of a lecture and notes, and he has allowed himself only 83 pages. May a reviewer then be forgiven for even greater baldness!

The theory that there were more than one Patrick is quite old. Palladius is called Patrick, and there was also the Patrick who has been called the national apostle of Ireland, and there were the Old Patrick and the Young Patrick, whom no previous historian has tried to identify. Patricius, after all, was a common name in the later and rather plebian Roman empire, just as Christian names like Earl and Duke and King are common in America to-day. (The American Communist leader is named Earl Browder). Let us then admit the probability of a multiplicity of Patricks in Ireland, and consider who and what was or were the great Patrick. And here let us also admit that much of Prof. O'Rahilly's erudition need not be disputed. He shows that there were both British and continental influences in early Ireland—and why not?—and that Palladius as Palladius made no impression on the country. That is so, but it is no evidence for his having changed the name under which he arrived and under which he had distinguished himself abroad, and then of his having made an impression afterwards in Ireland under his other name. We can admit that the Armagh scribes did do propaganda on behalf of their community, but we should be willing to admit that other people, such as Prosper, were also propagandists. We can scarcely credit that Palladius, if so successful in Connacht and Leinster, had no propagandists there on his behalf, and that his people let him be obliterated by the following of a young man in Armagh.

What reasons does Professor O'Rahilly offer for saying that Palladius was the original national apostle? He offers just one. He shows that in the Annals it is mentioned that Palladius came to Ireland in 431, that Patrick "held" Ireland as bishop in 432, and that the annals sometimes spoke of a king "holding" a country in the year after his accession instead of in the year he acceded. Therefore, if Patrick "held" Ireland in 432 he may have come in 431, but 431 was the year in which Palladius came. Therefore, Palladius was Patrick.

At the other end of the period we are shown that contemporaries of Patrick were said to have lived until well on into the sixth century, but this also is hardly a proof of Patrick's having lived until 491. The lives of both saints and sinners were stretched astonishingly sometimes in the records, and, furthermore, one is often uncertain whether "Patrick" or "Columcille" or "Brigit" means the actual person or the community. Professor O'Rahilly does, however, adduce a very interesting argument to indicate that the Laoghaire whom Muirchu describes as receiving Patrick at Tara was, in fact, on one occasion at least, Ailill Molt, the Connacht king who succeeded Laoghaire in 461 or 462. Here he certainly seems to have something solid under him, and he may be right again with regard to Ethne and Fedelm, "daughters of Laoghaire," whom Patrick is said to have met, rather surprisingly, at Cruachan. It seems likely that there was some confusion between the stories of Laoghaire and Ailill Molt. On the other hand, one can say nothing good about the theory that the Slemish captivity was invented as a piece of propaganda for Armagh. That surely is quite fantastic. Armagh had been the seat of the Red Branch kings of Ulster who were expelled in 331, and whose very attenuated kingdom now lay east of the Bann. Armagh was now, like Tara, under the rule of the Connacht line, and nothing could seem more unlikely than that it would invent any story to suit the honour of the beaten remnant at the expense of the glories of its ancestral Connacht. Accepting the traditions of Slemish, however, does not mean that we must rule out every tradition of the Wood of Foclut. Curiously little attention has been paid to the story that Patrick served under four druid masters. It is not impossible that he served in more than one place, and that there may have been connections, based on druidic freedom of movement or on Cruithnic relationships, between Antrim and Mayo. Or Patrick may have only heard of the Wood of Foclut as a home of the Cruithni or perhaps of a druid friend or colleague of Milchu. That he knew something of it seems to be indicated by his interest in meeting Mayo men at Tara, but such an interest does not prove that he had actually lived there, and his questions on that occasion indicate that he had only heard of the place and was anxious to know more about it.

But to return to Palladius: Professor O'Rahilly rejects "*in toto*" the accounts of Palladius' flight and death, considering it inconceivable that a papal emissary would shirk his duty. This is too naive. Compare Saint Augustine of Canterbury. Augustine was despatched by Pope Gregory to England, but on the way he grew frightened and hesitated. He sat down by the roadside for dinner and saw a grasshopper. "Ecce locusta!" he exclaimed, "Look at the grasshopper!", and then the words flashed back into his mind in a different form, "Ecce locus! Sta!", "Behold the place! Stop!" and he concluded that God had commanded him to go no farther, and went back. Gregory sent him off again, but the fact remains that anyone wanting to get commands from God can generally satisfy himself that he has got them. Celestine had no chance of giving Palladius fresh instructions, such as Gregory had to give to Augustine, although Palladius may have thought he needed them. The Pelagian controversy had probably made Ireland seem a danger spot to Rome, so that an orthodox bishop was needed there, and Palladius may have gained the

impression while in Britain with Germanus that Ireland had a far stronger church than she actually possessed. Irishmen abroad still tend to have a large way of speaking about affairs at home. It would be natural for either Germanus in Britain or a pope in Rome to be impressed by hearsay and to send a bishop, natural for Palladius to organise one or two churches, and natural too, in the autumn rains and among the mountain forests in Wicklow, for him to be disillusioned, to fall ill and to withdraw. Scotland has, in fact, local traditions that may refer to his death. It would also be natural for a rhetorician like Prosper to use the nice antithesis about making Britain Catholic and Ireland Christian, but as he wrote this as early as 437 it is plain that he stretched the truth. Ireland was certainly not made Christian in six years. Professor O'Rahilly himself says that Palladius laboured for thirty years and left his work half untouched, and that Patrick of the Confession, who certainly seemed to think he had come to a heathen country, laboured for thirty more. Even then, with the High Kingship remaining heathen, we may be sure that many another heathen stronghold remained.

But would Palladius have been the sort of man to win Ireland? He may have been admirable as an ecclesiastic and as a controversialist on the side of orthodoxy, but would that interest or impress Irishmen? Professor O'Rahilly deprecates projecting modern religious controversies into the remote past, and we need not do so when we say that in its own way the Roman question must have been a burning one in early Ireland, standing isolated as it did on the very edge of the great Roman world. There may have been a Romanising party demanding whatever was up to date, whatever was done elsewhere, whatever seemed refined and civilised. Men like Cormac mac Airt, national hero though he was, may have shared some of its ambitions, but we may be certain that there was also strong isolationist feeling, a determination to keep Ireland Irish and independent, and that no friendly reception would be given to an emissary from the head of the Empire's church. Patrick himself may have met with something of this Irish Irelandism when a druid refused baptism from him but was willing to take it from Brigit. A gnostic theorist might have made an impression among the druids, or a fervent evangelist among the less philosophical, and the free and lively minds of the Irish might have embraced a great variety of religious theories, but the one type of missionary that would have antagonised the nationally conscious Irishman, learned or unlearned, would have been just that exact and authoritarian ecclesiastical type to which Palladius apparently belonged. Whoever Patrick was, he was not that.

What Professor O'Rahilly has proved is that the stories of the great Patrick may not have been all rightly attributed to him, that one or two of the other Patricks may have had more importance than has hitherto been believed, and that Ireland was subjected to a variety of religious influences. He has filled his eighty-three pages with extremely interesting and suggestive matter, much of it new.

ARNOLD MARSH.

THE TWO PATRICKS. By Thomas F. O'Rahilly. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies. 2/-.

VICTORIAN DOCTOR. By T. G. Wilson. Methuen & Co., Ltd. 15s.

It is not unnatural that Dr. T. G. Wilson, himself a specialist in the ear, nose and throat, should be fascinated by Sir William Wilde whose speciality they were though he included eyes. Wilde, too, amongst his many activities, was greatly interested in the classification of Dean Swift's long and painful illness, with which he dealt in minute detail in "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life." Dr. Wilson has followed in his footsteps, sifting the same evidence and examining the same death mask which is preserved in Trinity College, and has himself published a paper entitled "Swift's Deafness and his Last Illness" in the *Irish Journal of Medical Science*, June, 1939. The reactions of three acute observers from among the many who have examined this same cast are worthy of note. Sir Walter Scott describes it as follows: "the expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal and one side of the mouth (the left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain." Sir William Wilde says Scott "has greatly exaggerated the amount of contortion which the face exhibits; on the contrary, the expression is remarkably placid, but there is an evident drag in the left side of the mouth." But Dr. Wilson succinctly sums up "the head is that of an ordinary-looking edentulous elderly gentleman who closely resembles the late Edgar Wallace."

Dr. Wilson has covered almost too thoroughly, the whole period of Wilde's career as medical practitioner, traveller, census commissioner, archaeologist, editor, etc., but in doing so he has freed him from the impression conveyed by Frank Harris' book on Oscar of being only a *succès de scandale*.

The author devotes a considerable note to Speranza and discusses Shaw's theory that she suffered from "gigantism," while correcting his anatomical detail. Oscar, he thinks, may have inherited some glandular disability from his mother which might in part account for his abnormality. Whatever truth there may have been in the stories circulated concerning her upbringing of Oscar (such as dressing him in girl's clothes till he was ten) there can be no doubt that she was relieved to hear of his marriage. Here is an extract from a hitherto unpublished letter written by her from London in 1884: "Oscar is doing splendidly—and we are all greatly pleased at his marriage. A very nice pretty sensible girl—well connected and well brought up—and a good fortune about £1,000 a year—they are looking for a house in London—and then will settle down for the London life—I hope Oscar will go into *Parliament*—that is his idea."

There is more distinction in the material than in the style of this book, but this is not likely to interfere with its popular appeal for in this wealth of material there is something for everyone, and one may safely deduce that the author was aware of this when he chose the title "Victorian Doctor."

ETHNA MACCARTHY.

CAINNT AN tSEAN-SHAOGHAIL, Arland Ussher do scríobh ó sheancas Thomáis Uí Mhuirthe. (Oifig an tSoláthair. 3/6.)

Tórna, in the introduction has already borne witness to Arland Ussher's scholarship and to the fidelity with which he has reproduced the rich and varied idiom of the narrator. His recommendation should be sufficient to stifle the

carpings of academic proponents of provincial purisms so that this book will be accepted and valued for what it is : the record of a living dialect presented in a series of dramatic dialogues. The book is a document of both linguistic and anthropological interest : as a picture in the local idiom of a type of integrated community life which is bound to grow rarer as the world grows smaller with the spread of megalopolitan civilisation. It should also have value for the student of the language ; for it has style. Style, being the hallmark of distinctive habits of feeling and observing, seems to be here that of a pervading local genius rather than that of an individual. In the background is a fund of folklore sagas which provides a series of characters caught in the act of changing into myths.

On every page are phrases so apt, similes so piquant and exact, that they delight the seeker after original literary flavours. The quarrelsome drunk is "i dtánaiste do Cromel ;" the helpless, "sínthe thíos i ndíg an bhóthair is é ag cómhaireamh na reiltíní le hól."

Ussher has said elsewhere of Ó Muirthe : "He took a craftsman's pride in perfecting and sandpapering his own phrases : few people would have had the patience I demanded from him in bidding him 'think again' and again and again—when a saying was in danger of becoming stale by repetition. Such lack of suspicious reserve is uncommon in the Gaeltacht, but Ó Muirthe had known me from a child, and let his fancy roam aloud for my enjoyment where a member of a Folklore Commission would have met with nothing but oyster-like impenetrability."

If the book has a fault it lies in the fact that there is sometimes too much phrase-making for its own sake which takes from the incisive quality of some of the dialogues. This fault is completely absent from the *caoine* (549 and 550) in which a hard, simple, everyday language attains a sustained emotional intensity through rhythms that suggest Hesiod or Ezekiel. These, in my opinion, are the best things in the book.

Arland Ussher has provided some sixty pages of explanatory notes and glosses and is to be congratulated on work excellently well done. The Gúm has done well to acknowledge the value of his labours by publication and in such a pleasant format.

EDWARD SHEEHY.

SAVAGE LANDOR. By Malcolm Elwin. London : Macmillan. 18s.

This is the first full-length work on Landor to appear on this side of the Atlantic for the last sixty years, since Colvin's volume in the English Men of Letters Series in 1881. What merits it possesses in preference to Forster (1869) and Colvin, are mostly due to this cause alone, and are very far outweighed by its inferiority to the second at least.

Colvin describes Forster's two fat volumes as "cumbrous in comment, inconclusive in criticism, and vague on vital points." Possibly Mr. Elwin escapes the first of these stigmata : the wealth of material which he has gathered, much of it from sources which were either unknown to Forster, or which he declined to use, has all a strictly biographical relevance. But the vital point on which he is vague is quite simply this : of what stature, as a writer, is this man on whom it has been deemed worth while to do three years work and produce a book of

nearly five hundred pages? Mr. Elwin is not merely inconclusive in criticism: neither positively nor negatively is he critical at all.

He does, however, take up a critical attitude on one curious point. He regards Landor as an acute political thinker. He alludes to his sagacity in this respect at intervals throughout the book, but nowhere adduces any evidence to support the claims he makes. And the evidence provided by Landor himself (see the "Public" section of *Letters Private and Public*: ed Wheeler, 1899, *passim*) is sufficiently strong to require some explaining away. To take only two examples at random, he was certain that Disestablishment and land legislation would between them placate Irish nationality out of existence; and he wrote on the outbreak of the American Civil War: "Union is broken up for ever. Within half a century there will be fifty or more independent States . . ." (He supported the South against the North). In the face of prophecies as wide of the mark as these far from exceptional examples, mere affirmation is not enough.

Mr. Elwin does not appear to be greatly interested in Landor except as a "subject" for biography. One has the feeling that he picked on him simply because he had not been "done" for a long time. This impression is borne out by the irritating title which he has given his book. Under no circumstances did Landor ever style himself Savage Landor. He was Walter Savage Landor, more frequently Walter Landor, very frequently in letters W. Landor. Byron made the mistake first, animadverting on Landor's cultivating "much private renown in the shape of Latin verses"—a pardonable mistake since *in Latin* he signed himself "Savagius Landor." One is tempted to suspect that Mr. Elwin's title is a half-way house towards *Mr. Boythorn*, or even *I strove With None*.

For this book, with all its bulk and new material, is of the chatty order of biographies. It has been said of Dickens' "Boythorn" that it is Landor with the genius left out: one might also pass the same judgment on Mr. Elwin's book: in fact he almost invites us to do so by prefacing it with the relevant passages from *Bleak House*. And he is capable at times of descending to such banalities as ending a paragraph with this sentence:

"He was essentially 'a fine old boy.'"

But to give Mr. Elwin his due, he to some extent redressed the over-emphasis laid by Forster and (following him) Colvin, on Landor's incompetence and even insensitiveness in private affairs. From this account his many misfortunes emerge as the result rather of a combination of tactlessness and sheer bad luck. The distinction may not be a very sharp one, but slight as it is, this book, by a careful re-examination of the evidence, has brought it out.

He has also provided a certain amount of new biographical material, not all of it, such as the information about Nancy Jones' child, collected by himself, but still never before included in a life of Landor. Not much of it is relevant to the consideration of Landor as a writer, though Gifford's letter to Murray on the *Memoirs of Mr. Fox* and its dedication, for example, is not given in Forster, and is of interest. The fuller documentation of the Yescombe affair, which caused Landor's last exile to Italy, is now possible to the biographer, but hardly adds much to our estimate of its hero's (?) stature; and it seems also that here Mr. Elwin has been perhaps too ready to accept Landor's version of its rights and wrongs. But the unfavourable light in which Robert Landor now for the first

time appears, is a new contribution for which there seems much to be said that could not have been said before.

Since Mr. Elwin deals so largely in anecdotes, it seems a pity that he does not quote the best from Kate Field's hardly-obtainable series of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1866, how Landor on receiving and reading Carlyle's *Frederic the Great*, remarked "It seems that I am a master, not of one dead language, but of two."

There is no mention of the visit to Ireland to which, according to Stephen Wheeler in the Oxford edition of the Poems, Landor alludes in some latin verses. Nor is there any light shed on his animosity towards Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter; both points of strictly biographical interest and deserving of enquiry, even if the result be only to say that nothing is known.

There are two portraits, one of them unfamiliar but with no source given. There is a good "Bibliographical List of Authorities," and a bad "List of Landor's Publications." Once again, in short, an essential, but essentially unsatisfactory book, has appeared on a great writer and at a great price, and as usual it will have to be acquired or at least read by all who are interested in the subject.

MAURICE JAMES CRAIG.

BOWEN'S COURT. By Elizabeth Bowen. Longmans, Green & Co. 1942. 16s. net.

Bowen's Court, the home of Miss Bowen's ancestors, which is now hers, lies in the heart of the Spenser county, miles from any town. The district is bounded by the Ballyhouras and the Kilworth mountains to the north and east, and by the Blackwater on the south. To the west is a great open prospect on the rim of which the Kerry mountains can be seen on clear days. Beginning with a beautiful description of this lovely country, with every part of which she is familiar, Miss Bowen passes on to an account of her home, a large stately classical building of delicately coloured limestone, with Italianated interior, standing in an immense park. Bowen's Court, of whom the architect is unknown, was built by Mr. Henry Bowen (1723-88) a wealthy gentleman who cut a figure in the fashionable Mallow society of the day, and was a true product of the Age of Reason in that he believed in beautiful and dignified surroundings.

The author points out that the year 1775, in which the house was finished, has special historical significance, for, it was in that year that the American war began which was to open a new era of thought and experience. In Ireland too there was a breath of fresh life. The gentry had at last established the position they had won by conquest, and since the country was at peace, and increasingly prosperous, they were able to express their taste, and give voice to their political opinions. Like the Catholic majority they had become critical of the repressive policy of England, the Patriot Party was now strong, and the Volunteer movement, in which Mr. Henry Bowen participated, was growing rapidly.

"This new wish in the new Irish to see Ireland autonomous [writes Miss Bowen] was in more than the head and conscious will. Ireland had worked on them, through their senses, their nerves, their loves. They had come to share with the people round them sentiments,

memories, interests, affinities. The grafting-on had been, at least where *they* were concerned, complete. If Ireland did not accept them, they did not know it—and it is in that unawareness of final rejection, unawareness of being looked out at from some secretive, opposed life, that the Anglo-Irish naïve dignity and, even, tragedy seems to me to stand. Themselves, they felt Irish, and acted as Irishmen."

Miss Bowen admits that the Anglo-Irish Patriot Party although envisaging "general reform" did not "face the details of sacrifice" "Had we truly come up to scratch," she observes, "Grattan might not have failed."

It was the Union no doubt however that distorted the political perspective of the gentry, the origin of whose power the people never allowed themselves to forget. But there have been many good landlords in Ireland, and one feels that if this had been more generously admitted, the Anglo-Irish, despite their faults, and English blunderings, would have become gradually absorbed into the national consciousness, and the Irish pattern enriched and enlarged. Regrets are useless, but it is not too late for reconciliation—indeed, there are signs already that it will ultimately be brought about.

The Bowens, an enterprising and high-spirited family, came from Wales, the founder of the County Cork family being Colonel Henry Bowen, who received large grants of land as a reward for his services under Cromwell. Although none of the Bowens were great political leaders, but simply typical Irish gentry who lived according to the ideas of their class, they had for the most part a high sense of their duties and responsibilities. There was only one absentee in the family, Mr. Henry Bowen (1762-1837) who, educated at Oxford, spent most of his time at Bath. The other heads of the family developed their lands and estates, built roads and succoured the people during the Famine. The house was attacked in 1798, presumably for loot, for the Bowens were not unpopular with their neighbours, and although occupied by Republicans in 1922 it has escaped the fate which overtook some of the other Big Houses in Co. Cork during the Troubles.

Miss Bowen displays a sympathetic attitude towards the national aspirations that manifested themselves during the course of the period she covers, and of Ireland herself she writes as follows:—

"Though one can be callous in Ireland one cannot be wholly opaque or material. An unearthly disturbance works in the spirit; reason can never reconcile one to life; nothing allays the want one cannot explain. In whatever direction, the spirit is always steadily moving, or rather steadily being carried as though the country were a ship. The light, the light-consumed distances, that air of intense existence about the empty country, the quick flux to decay in houses, cities and people, the great part played in society by the dead and by the idea of death and, above all, the recurring futilities of hope all work for eternal against temporal things."

The reader will have realised, from the all too short and sketchy account that I have given of this remarkable and truly admirable book, that it has three main aspects. It is, at the same time, the story of a house, the history of a family, and a commentary upon three centuries of our history. When it is remembered that Elizabeth Bowen is one of the most distinguished novelists of the day, no one will expect to find a merely factual account such as the professional historian would have given us. This does not mean that she is careless of facts and details, for she has gone to great pains to be accurate; she brings

her critical faculty into full play ; and, her judgment is excellent. She writes, however, naturally enough, primarily as an artist, and she has succeeded in producing a work of art, which is as serious and sincere, as it is moving and beautiful.

CONSTANTIA MAXWELL.

WILDERNESS SINGS. Poems by John Lyle Donaghy. 6s. net.

John Lyle Donaghy is a considerable poet. Written always "with the eye on the object" his lyrical poetry has the bone of exact observation accurately recorded. But the bulk of his work is not lyrical and the present volume seems to be chiefly made up of glosses upon a larger philosophical work. "At Dawn Above Aherlow," "Primordia Caeca" and "Ad Perennis Vitae Fontem" were indications that he was deeply immersed in natural philosophy, continually probing in search of origins, breaking down matter to find essential unity, tracing the perpetuity of material substance through the endless cycle of birth, growth and decay. The reading, close observation and hard thinking which went to the making of these books were a most valuable exercise for a poet ; and those who thought most highly of his poetry hoped that he would succeed in subduing his material to his medium, and that a deeply-rooted individual philosophy would be found, like trunk and branches, giving unity and shape, as well as vitality, to a rich poetic growth. That he now feels himself to possess such a philosophy is evident ; and his integrity, the sincerity of his belief, is unquestionable.

'Doctors, have you located the disease—
make haste, then, to eradicate the microbes of superstition
—you cannot put flesh upon a dog with worms—
I only, it seems, have not the sickness,
but am sick unto death of the sick—'

All through "Wilderness Sings" one sees how determined is this poet to record with impassioned accuracy the thing seen. There is a kind of love which, if he is to paint well, the painter must feel for his subject, as a subject, even though it is intrinsically repellent. Lyle Donaghy has that love of the visible world and he depicts both the larger aspects and the minutiae of natural phenomena with the patience and veracity of a potentially great poet. There is always, too, the awareness of persistent vitality, of history and futurity, of infinity in a grain of sand, which the great poet, as distinct from the writer of good lyrics, must feel. But in "Wilderness Sings" the poet has often lost himself in the propagandist. There are fine individual poems—notably Hawk, Eyrie and Rhodope—but in most of the philosophical pieces Lyle Donaghy, driven by his urgent need to press the truth of his convictions, has thrown off the limitations set by form and music. These poems are didactic in tone and intention ; but, freed from technical constraints, the verse overflows into parentheses, qualifying clauses, unfilled measures and shapeless movements. You feel that they came into being only to fulfil a didactic purpose, but the instruction they would give is not clear. Rocks, trees, clouds, winds and mountains, living creatures great and small—man no more and no less than the others—breathe and surge and strain in unceasing movement through the verse as

manifestations of the eternal living-mechanical earth-being. The poet's emotional identification of himself with nature is supported by reiterated statements of scientific fact or theory. But what then? It is everywhere implicit that there is an inference of tremendous moral importance, but it is just this inference which fails to emerge. Sometimes the lesson seems to be that all that is required for humanity to become happy and good is the admission of man's essential identity with every other manifestation of the earth-being and the rejection of every kind of "superstitious" idea about the soul. But that would be to limit the scope of Lyle Donaghy's philosophy.

'I will not shrink my view to man alone
My breath is deeper wider larger when I speak for stone and air.'

It might be that a reading of the long philosophical work, "Creation-Path," would reveal conclusions now obscure, just as "Song and Its Fountains" gives point and solidity to some of Æ's poetry that without it seemed vague and bodiless. But here it is no mere use of a private symbolism that creates the difficulty. It seems rather that, in his determination to leave nothing of his observation unrecorded, Lyle Donaghy has massed the details of his evidence so closely as to complicate his simple plea beyond recognition. W. P. M.

THE SILENT POOL. Selected Poems by Harold Monroe. Faber and Faber. Sesame Books. 2s. 6d. net.

POETRY IN WAR TIME. Edited by M. J. Tambimuttu. Faber and Faber. 6s. net.

THE NEW GODS RISING. By H. N. Forbes. Basil Blackwell.

This selection of Harold Monroe's poetry, chosen by Alida Monroe, makes pleasant reading. It includes the anthologist's favourites, "Overheard On a Salt-marsh," "Children of Love," "Milk For the Cat" and "Solitude." There is no very deep significance in the verse but evenness of tone and mood helps to give character to the selection which is not so restless as most books of short lyrics. Harold Monroe carried simplicity of diction about as far as it can go with safety, sometimes further; but he used it often with much charm and effect, especially in those poems which suggest a hidden life under the commonplaces of nature and experience. The more deliberately vigorous poems are less successful and perhaps the most nearly exciting piece is "The Garden," in which deliberate flatness of speech is skilfully used to achieve pathos in describing the search for the imagined Eden:

"We'll come again next week," he said,
"We have no leisure to explore it now . . ."

As Editor of "the only periodical devoted to work by young writers which began after the war," Mr. Tambimuttu has published much work by the most modern of modern poets—the successors of Auden and Spender. The general character of this selection from the "new moderns" is as different from that of the work of their predecessors as from that of any anthology of Georgian verse, and is largely decided by the contributions of a number of Welsh poets. It is vigorous, militant, unafraid of its own emotions, and its unhappiness is not that

of despair or defeat. A good deal of the verse observes a strictly formal pattern—four-line unrhymed stanzas are very frequent. Imagists and surrealists have had a hand in its making and, in spite of its lucid phrasing, it is not likely to make poetry more popular with the plain man, for it is "difficult." But, now, the obscurity is hardly ever due to distorted syntax or freakish misuse of words. It is partly due to the poets' insistence upon private experience (although there is more readiness to associate this with universal experience), but chiefly it is the "difficulty" of Ecclesiastes, the Book of Revelations, or of Blake. Myth and symbol abound while the imagery is hard and concrete and the language simple and direct. Among the Welsh poets who make up so large a share of the book, in quantity as well as quality, are Brenda Chamberlain, Alun Lewis, Lynette Roberts, Dylan Thomas, Henry Treece and Vernon Watkins. Other poets whose names are now associated with the re-invigoration of English poetry are well represented—David Gascoyne, J. F. Hendry, G. S. Fraser among them. Somewhere outside the rest is Anne Ridler who, without obscurity of any kind, somehow makes poetry out of what is very nearly prose by some quality in her, which may be impassioned honesty. In a fine poem addressed to her, G. S. Fraser says, "Your noble mood assumes no airs at all."

Mr. Forbes has a nice ear and plenty of enthusiasm. You can see the pleasure he has in the music of his own verse by his trick of using a quite unnecessary line for the sake of an additional rhyme. There are too many obvious epithets, too many trite sayings, and at times, evidently conscious of this, he inserts some out-of-the-way word of dialect or makes one up. But he does succeed in communicating something of the charm and freshness of his own eagerness and there are many good lines and stanzas of unaffected gaiety or pathos. "The Green Island" is probably the best, as well as the longest, poem in the book and, with some tightening-up would be very good indeed. It has a magic which has not quite "come off" in "The Yellow Door."

W. P. M.

THE BASES OF ARTISTIC CREATION. Essays by Maxwell Anderson, Rhys Carpenter, Roy Harris, New Brunswick, Rutgers University Press. \$1.25.

This slender volume (70 pages) is Number One of the Publications of the One Hundred Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Celebration at Rutgers University. Going by internal evidence, one guesses that these essays were originally papers read at the Celebration. Of the essayists, Mr. Maxwell Anderson requires no introduction. He is the author of numerous plays, among which *Winterset* and *The Masque of Kings* have been played in Dublin. Most of these plays are written in a verse which is distinguishable from prose only by its clumsiness. Mr. Anderson has, by this simple means, acquired a reputation for profundity which has enhanced, rather than impaired, his success as a popular dramatist. Mr. Roy Harris is, according to the cover, "Distinguished composer of chamber music, symphonies and celebrated works for piano, chorus and orchestra." Mr. Rhys Carpenter is described as "the classical archaeologist," and is obviously considered the smallest "catch" of the three. In all fairness, it should be said at once that he is the only one who is in the habit of thinking deeply or writing

clearly on the subject under discussion. His essay is, in consequence, the only worth-while one in the book.

Mr. Anderson, like all successful playwrights, believes that the audience is always right. And what the audience wants from a play is, according to Mr. Anderson, ideals, morality, convictions. What he really means, one thinks, is that the audience wants a moral, however hackneyed, however specious. In an early paragraph of his essay, Mr. Anderson rather gives himself away, when he says, "a playwright, who must say something intelligible in every production, is driven more directly than any other writer or artist to make up his mind about his world or be silent until he can make up his mind." Mr. Anderson has never been silent, and each time he makes up his mind his audience seem to see eye to eye with him. Or is it *he* sees eye to eye with *them*? In the days of post-last-war disillusionment he provided his audience with an anti-war play, *What Price Glory*?; now he is giving them *Candle in the Wind*, a play with all the correct bellicose sentiments.

After Mr. Anderson's treatment of the basis of artistic creation in literature, we pass on to Mr. Roy Harris, dealing with the basis of artistic creation in music. The opening paragraph will be sufficient to show the sort of views Mr. Harris holds, while at the same time giving an example of his prose style. "The basis of artistic creation in music can only be found in humanity itself. From this source has (*sic*) arisen all creative impulses. From humanity has flowed forth a never ending stream of creative vitality, slowly shaping from the dark, vague recesses of his (*sic*) inner self, our human world—our idioms of thought, our symbols and all equipment which has ever been used or ever will be used in the complex process of daily living." Mr. Harris is, one gathers, a Romantic.

Dr. Rhys Carpenter, writing on the basis of artistic creation in the fine arts, begins his essay with the epigram, "The artist's greatest and most necessary illusion is the illusion that he is creating." Though the rest of his essay is not quite in the same gnomic manner, the *dryness* of his style and thought contrasts favourably with the uncomfortable moisture of the preceding essayists. As the above quotation might suggest, his essay deals with the necessity of tradition and inherited style in the fine arts, the present breakdown of tradition, the reason for it, and his better hopes for the future.

The three essays are followed by two "Commentaries" on Mr. Harris's and Dr. Carpenter's contributions. Presumably these were the chairmen's comments at the meetings where the papers were originally delivered. The commentary on Mr. Harris is by Oscar Thompson, editor of *Musical America*. That on Dr. Carpenter is by a Mr. Joseph Sloane, about whom we are given no information. He appears to be as competent as the doctor himself both in style and thought. Painters, they say, always write well. Perhaps in America art critics share this gift. If so, America is singularly blest, especially as all other American critics write an atrocious jargon.

Before we leave this (unintentionally) entertaining little book, we must quote just once more from the wrapper. "Not since A. E. Housman delivered his famous Cambridge lecture on poetry has there been a more significant contribution to literary criticism than the opening essay in this volume by Maxwell Anderson . . ." Never mind, the book is worth keeping just for the sake of its binding, printing and paper.

V. H. S. M.

A SHORT HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1920-1939. Third revised edition to the outbreak of war. By G. M. Gathorne-Hardy. Oxford University Press; London: Milford. xiv + 514 pp. 12s. 6d. net.

In the preface to the first edition of this work which appeared in 1934, Lord Eustace Percy remarked that historians usually work from the end to the beginning, for the purpose of showing how the end was reached. Even in 1934, there were, of course, many who could have adopted this traditional method in describing post-war events, since they regarded a breakdown as inevitable. As early as 1930, Dr. Sommarly had hinted to Chatham House (under whose auspices Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's work was compiled) that the economic crisis might be "a prelude to a dark period to which historians of the future will give the name 'Between Two Wars'", while in 1934 Mr. Wickham Steed's *Meaning of Hitlerism* had warned the world of the possibility of a new and greater *Kulturkampf* which would mean "a physical fight to death between two incompatible conceptions of civilisation." There is ample evidence in Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's work that he was alive to these possibilities, but in 1934 and again in 1938, when his second edition appeared, he regarded such a question-begging attitude as impossible for a chronicler of contemporary events and he therefore set himself the more difficult task of attempting an impartial account, which looked forward from the beginning into an unknown future.

Now that peace is dead, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has had an opportunity of substituting a post-mortem for his earlier piece of vivisection. This opportunity he has expressly refused to accept, not only on account of the difficulty of objective writing in the more emotional atmosphere of today, but on the further ground that at present "the motive for any alteration might reasonably be suspect." The present edition, therefore, leaves the earlier part of the work as it was written in 1934 and 1938, the sole addition being an account of the last year of peace in Europe and the Far East. The effect upon the reader is that of a work obviously written in 1934, with a couple of postscripts added. It should not be necessary for the author of a work published in 1942 to explain to the reader, when making an incidental reference to *Mein Kampf*, that this is "the book in which the National Socialist doctrine is explained and elaborated" (p. 46). At some points, moreover, the date of the work is emphasized by the retention of the tense in which it was originally written—as, for instance, on p. 332, from which we are surprised to learn in 1942 that "neither during the Brussels Conference, nor since, has any prospect appeared that this (Anglo-American) co-operation might be forthcoming." More important, perhaps, is the need for a revision of some of the earlier generalizations, such, for example, as that on p. 70, where it is stated that the upheaval in the Baltic at the end of the last war was "comparatively unimportant." This impression is corrected on p. 493, where it is shown that it was just the result of this "seismic disturbance" which formed the main obstacle in the way of an Anglo-Soviet rapprochement in 1939. Nor do the more recent additions in every case complete the picture painted in 1934: relations on the American continent are admirably outlined to that date, but no further developments appear to have merited description thereafter.

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy urges that by adopting this "piecemeal" method he has retained the point of view of the contemporary onlooker which (as none

will deny) has a certain historical value. But might it not be urged that the historian who is concerned with this point of view could always obtain it by consulting the first edition? We could wish, therefore, that the author had taken the risk of re-writing the whole, whatever may be the difficulty of objective writing in the "emotional atmosphere of today." Few could be better fitted for the task, as his treatment of controversial topics shows. Indeed, the only criticisms ventured by Mr. Gathorne-Hardy which may appear harsh are those of the rôle played by America. Uncle Sam, one feels, is the wicked uncle who gave the torch of freedom to his European nephews and then retreated hastily to avoid the conflagration which they lit with it. With this possible exception, however, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy writes with sympathy and understanding of all points of view. In general, it may even be said that he is so fair to those with whom he disagrees as to be unfair to those whom he would support. In the controversy over the events connected with Mr. Eden's resignation, for example, one somehow gains the impression that Mr. Eden's policy was designed to stir up the enmity of the Axis powers. It is, of course, a myth to suggest that before Mr. Chamberlain took charge nothing was done to improve relations between Great Britain and the Axis: in point of fact, on the day before the militarisation of the Rhineland, Mr. Eden was in consultation with the German ambassador for the purpose of suggesting negotiations for an air pact. In fairness to the author, however, it must be stated that he refrains from passing judgment on either Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Eden. Indeed, it is an outstanding feature of the book that the author reserves judgment on most of the issues he raises. After setting out the clash of ideas between Stalin and Trotsky on p. 372, for instance, he merely concludes that "there seem to be elements of truth on both sides." One is reminded of the politician who, when asked whether the American President would be re-elected, replied, "He may. And he may not. But remember; that is only an opinion."

On the graver issues of the Munich settlement, few will be found in complete agreement on every point. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's thesis rejects the view that the settlement was the result of British military unpreparedness and proceeds on the assumption that Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement sprang from an honest belief that collective security was over and that the balance of power was the only alternative to war; settlement by conference (no matter what the terms) was the sole aim. But, however plausible this explanation, doubts arise. Were the allies really as well prepared in 1938 as in 1939? Many observers say that in 1938 London would have suffered the fate of Warsaw, Amsterdam and Belgrade. If England was prepared, who created the panic of September, 1938? If Mr. Chamberlain's aim was settlement by conference, does this account for his ignoring America and Russia? No open indication of a reversal of Russian policy came until M. Litvinov's fall from power in the following May. Was it only "after listening to Herr Hitler" at Berchtesgaden that "Mr. Chamberlain favoured a more drastic solution" of the Czechoslovakian problem, in the form of dismemberment? The *Times* had made the suggestion much earlier and this had, rightly or wrongly, been accepted throughout Europe as a kite flown for the government: yet no-one in the government repudiated the suggestion. If Czechoslovakia had to be abandoned, can anything excuse the manner of her desertion, with Mr. Chamberlain ostentatiously yawning while the terms of

the *Muenchener Diktat* were read to her representatives? Even the later occupation of Prague was described by Mr. Chamberlain as nothing more than "a step in the direction of an attempt"—yet few would say he was capable of irony.

These are matters of opinion. But no matter what one's opinion, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's work remains the best short history of that period to which Mr. Punch alone has given the title "The Great Peace." For the many who are all too ready to adopt a belligerent tone when discussing international relations, a perusal of this book is a duty. It will also be a pleasure. J. A. C.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE RUSSIAN NOVEL. By Janko Lavrin. London. Methuen & Co. Ltd. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Lavrin has my grudging sympathy; his book can cheerfully be dismissed by every reviewer with the most damning of *clichés*, viz.—"falls between two stools." Someone or other has inveigled him into attempting the impossible; he is to give an exhaustive historical account of the Russian novel in 212 small pages. The result is what one might expect—a book which is too full of detail to do anything but bewilder the beginner, while at the same time it devotes to the really big figures too little space to be able to say anything new about them.

If Mr. Lavrin, instead of making use of his university lectures, which were of necessity comprehensive, had taken his title more literally, and endeavoured to introduce his reader to the Russian novel as painlessly as possible, he would have produced a most valuable book. The world of the Russian novel needs some introduction to the Western European mind. Mr. Lavrin should have contented himself with expounding the works of the great masters, from Pushkin to Gorky, and relating them to their historical and literary background. He should have ignored the lesser figures, who are of interest rather to the student than to the ordinary reader, especially as the majority of their works have never been translated into English.

Happily the book has a good index, and should be very useful as a work of reference. For instance, the other day I bought a book of ten Soviet short stories, all written in the past five or six years, and by authors most of whom had no reputation outside Soviet Russia. On consulting Mr. Lavrin's index, I found that he had something to say on six of the ten authors—not a bad score. On the other hand, I could only *remember* what he had said about one of them.

It is only fair to say that Gogol, Goncharov, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Gorky each receive a short chapter to themselves, and that others, such as Pushkin, Turgenev and Chekhov, have almost a whole chapter each. However, each chapter consists of only 12 to 15 pages at most, so this is not an excessive allocation. Mr. Lavrin is the author of books on Gogol and Tolstoy, yet the chapters on both these writers are strangely disappointing, particularly that on the latter. Dostoevsky is made to sound a much less fascinating writer than he really is, and indeed only the entries on Goncharov, Turgenev, and Saltykov-Shchedrine are calculated to inspire real interest in their subjects and introduce new readers to them.

The most valuable part of Mr. Lavrin's book is the outline of Russian history given in an attempt to explain the origins of the Russian novel in general, and

of certain schools of writing in particular. The chapters on recent Russian literature are also not without value ; they at least mention more names than any English work I have yet seen. One final criticism : surely such an introduction for the English-speaking reader should contain an outline bibliography of English translations of the works mentioned—where there are any ? To conclude, Mr. Lavrin has managed to write a dull introduction to a most exciting subject ; where only a guide-book was needed he has produced an encyclopaedia.

VIVIAN H. S. MERCIER.

THE NEUTRALITY OF IRELAND. By Henry Harrison, O.B.E., M.C. London : Robert Hale, Ltd. Dublin : Browne & Nolan. 10s. 6d.

To the subjects of Éire, however divergent their individual political beliefs may be, who contend that their country's neutrality is not in the existing emergency a proper subject for international question or discussion, this book will come as a concise examination and explanation of the chain of events that have made inevitable that neutrality. Coming from such a deep, clear thinker as Captain Harrison, the work is worthy of wider and more serious attention than generally can be given to other books which are claimed to be of imperative importance. The author concludes that (1) the Treaty of 1921 gave Éire the right to be neutral and that (2) subsequent events, which he recounts and reviews, have supplied the main incentive to the exercising of that right. As the premise is uncontrovertable, there is no necessity to offer or even to mention an "apology" (the author's word) nor, apart altogether from its undoubtedly instructive bearing on the social and financial affairs of State, is there any need for the well-reasoned explanation of causes and effects.

Captain Harrison's opinions are widely known and well-respected ; so, very few leaders or followers of responsible thought will doubt the sincerity of his belief that the peoples of Ireland and Britain together are destined to work for Christian civilisation and cultural well-being. Why that destined task is not being fulfilled, and how the consummation may be brought about, are matters conducive to the raising of innumerable conflicting arguments. Here this Reviewer must assert *his* neutrality, while recommending a valuable but controversial work to all—and there are, in truth, many—who are interested in the internal and external affairs of Éire.

J. H.

NOT AN INCH. By Hugh Shearman. (170 pp. and Index) London : Faber & Faber. 6s.

The author describes this work as a popular, non-party account of the emergence of the modern government of Northern Ireland during the political career of James Craig, first Viscount Craigavon. Really it is an epitome of relevant Irish political history from the Norman Invasion until the neutrality of Éire in the present war—the very existence and circumstances of the Northern parliament make necessary this re-presentation, in part, at least, of the National story. There is very little of fresh subject-matter ; but the author has been scrupulously fair in his selection of fact and authoritative record, and impartial

in presenting them to his public. His opinions are well-reasoned and sustainable. This is an excellent handbook for those who have not read the weightier volumes of Gwynne, Colvin, and Marjoribanks.

THE HEATHEN ARE WRONG. By Eugene Bagger. London. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bagger's attempt to identify himself with the cataclysmic events of recent years provides an autobiography that is intensely provocative of thought and speculation. He is so wroth with himself and those whom he deems responsible for the fall of France and certain other "falls" that his book is rather tricky to review in a neutral country; one must fall back on other aspects to give the work its deserved notice. As a descriptive account of the collapse of France and those events which immediately preceded that débâcle, it is so vivid and so detailed that one has a feeling that his book is one that will be consulted by future historians. The trained newspaperman therein speaks, the philosopher, for Mr. Bagger is no mean one, and the rather widely travelled man of the world. His narrative of his flight from France to Portugal is so powerful and vivid that there are actual moments of mental distress as the reader identifies himself with the melancholy tale. But politics and philosophy aside, there is a lighter aspect to the book. The author has known much of Europe, he is extremely well-read in at least three languages, is an accomplished gourmet and knows how to describe scenery. One cannot help feeling that in one way Mr. Bagger's misfortunes will prove yet to be his salvation. According to his own showing his intellect was lying fallow all the years. Now he will have to write and rehabilitate himself and he has already given ample signs that the "Philosophy of Freedom" with which he has long been occupied in leisurely fashion, as he tells us in his book, will turn out to be a solid contribution to that modern philosophic thought which must be one outcome of the present times.

THOMASHEEN JAMES. By Maurice Walsh. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

It is customary to say an author has made a character; an attribute which is not always a complimentary one, because in the mental process of the making, or making-up, the imaginative effort seems sometimes to be overstrained and then, as with so many butlers and policemen and others in modern fiction, we get not characters but caricatures which are not naturally adaptable to the ordinary ways of life.

Thomasheen James, however, is real. Maurice Walsh has found one of those exasperating but ingratiating acquaintances who are to be met with throughout Irish countrysides, who appear when and where least expected and go at will. Many people know a "Thomasheen" in the jobbing-gardener or the optimistic handy-man: he is a wonderful romancer and an opportunist, inherently a wanderer but, when at rare times the mood is in him, industrious. In a more settled state he would be classified as utterly unreliable; but, never having tried

to achieve anything worth while, he is not altogether a failure. Such men are not lacking in wisdom, and they have few illusions about the humbugs of life.

Maurice Walsh has made an intensive study of Thomasheen James, and he presents him and recounts his misfortunes and escapades with all the sympathy and humour of the practised storyteller. This picturesque romance, in an Irish rural setting, is lively with incident and absorbingly interesting.

DUBLIN TOWN PLANNING REPORT. By Professor Patrick Abercrombie, Sydney A. Kelly and Manning Robertson. 2s. THE LORD MAYOR'S HANDBOOK (Dublin Municipal Annual). These are official publications by the Municipal Corporation of Dublin.

The Town Planning Report and Sketch Development Plan includes Reports, Comments and Amendments by the Town and Regional Planning Committee and the General Purposes Committee, with a Preface by the City Manager. The Consultants have included in broad outline all their proposals for the future development of Dublin and its neighbourhood; and they point out that some of their suggestions may at first appear to be visionary, but they have not graded the suggested scheme into stages of urgency. It is a broad, ambitious plan, including radial and "ring" roads, Green belt, urban and suburban and agricultural zones, new parks and streets and buildings. The book, a well-produced large *octavo*, is illustrated with sketch-maps and diagrams.

The Lord Mayor's Handbook enables citizens to appreciate the manifold vital services which the Dublin Corporation is called on to render. It serves a useful purpose. The managerial system is fully explained and there are articles on the functions and achievements of the municipal departments. Special contributions are: "The Dublin Libraries," by Roisin Walsh; "Fire Fighting and Fire Prevention," by Major Comerford; "Air Raid Precautions Schemes," by R. S. Lawrie; "Dublin Entertainment," by H. L. Morrow; "Character of Dublin," by D. L. Kelleher; "Dublin: Seat of Learning," by Joseph J. Bouch who contributes also a Bibliography of Dublin.

CASEG BROADSHEETS, NOS. 1, 2, 5 AND 6. The Caseg Press, Llanllechid, Caernarvonshire. 4d. each.

DUBLIN POETS AND ARTISTS, NOS. 2, 3, 21 AND 25. Also five other poems with pictures by Various Hands. Gayfield Press. 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. each.

GRASSHOPPER BROADSHEETS, NO. 1. Three Sonnets by Kenneth Hopkins.

No. 5. Two poems by Stuart Guthrie.

No. 8. Three poems by James Guthrie.

Published by Kenneth Hopkins, 129 Peartree Crescent, Derby. 3d. each.

The Welsh poets, artists and printers who have collaborated to produce the Caseg Broadshets deserve success. Verse and picture are excellently printed on a single sheet. Alun Lewis might be better represented than by the two poems, good though they are, on No. 1, but John Petts's wood engraving "Debris Searcher" is completely in harmony with them and is finely dramatic. The same artist's engraving "Flower of the Bone" is a symbolic design, urgently

suggestive and brilliantly conceived and executed, in illustration of "Spring" from the *Gynfeirdd*. Very different both in style and conception are Brenda Chamberlain's woodcut for the traditional *Penillion*, lovely in translation, and her drawing for Dylan Thomas's freakish but oddly potent lines from "In Memory of Ann Jones." Like the verse in the sheets under review and John Petts's engravings, Brenda Chamberlain's pictures are alive with original power. The *Bell* translations are printed alongside the Welsh texts.

The Gayfield Press are to be congratulated upon the excellent appearance of their productions. They differ from the *Caseg* Broadsheets in their much more luxurious make-up (a cover of heavy rough paper into which are stitched the pages bearing text and picture) and in the fact that the pictures are not always so directly illustrative of the verse, though they are always sympathetic. Thus Seumas O'Sullivan's "Milkman" is accompanied by Harry Kernoff's now familiar wood-cut, "The Cab"; and Jack Yeats's vigorous drawing "The Saddling Bell" goes with "The Jackdaw" of Padraic Colum. Cecil Salkeld's wood-cuts for "Connemara" by Emily Hughes are sound examples of the use of that medium, and the artist's poem "Variations" is bound with Harry Kernoff's bucking, clattering, sparkling "Last Tram." Austin Clarke is well represented by a fine poem "The Straying Student" which has with it a typical wood-cut by Mainie Jellett. Beatrice Salkeld's illustration matches the nostalgic re-creation of scene in "The Green Tree" by J. Patrick Byrne. Robert Greacen's macabre poem "The Bird" and Roy MacFadden's "Russian Summer" are illustrated, rather unimaginatively, by lino-cuts by Leslie Owen Baxter. There is more of the mood of the poem in the lino-cut by Sidney Smith for Maurice James Craig's "Black Swans."

Kenneth Hopkins's three sonnets show no highly individual talent, but they are sound specimens of the form well used. The first sonnet opens especially well:

' With the unconscious ache within the mind
I may relate my conscious love for you . . .

The verses by James and Stuart Guthrie have a certain gentle charm; they are simple and musical and, though without originality of thought or technique, they seem to be the sincere expressions of two sensitive minds.

I. P.